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THE POLITICAL SITUATION—IMPEACHMENT.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 14, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

THE Germans are said to render the old proverb of "whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," "whom the gods would destroy they first make blind." Granting that to be a correct rendering, the gods must long since have entered up a decree of destruction against the conservative and moderate Republicans of the XLth Congress. That they are blind to the necessities of the times and requirements of national restoration and peace, few men witnessing their votes upon the subject of impeachment and reconstruction will for a moment dispute; and that they will be politically destroyed at the coming Autumn elections, no one believing in the honesty and intelligence of the people will deny. Elected by a radical, loyal constituency to conduct the nation safely through the rough and untrod wilderness of reconstruction of conquered rebellious States in harmony with the loyal, radical Democratic tendencies of the age, they have failed in manhood and courage to face difficulties and remove the obstacles in the direct road to success. Seeing a lion in the way, they timidly attempt seeking an escape through some by-way or hedge-path, rather than capture and remove the lion. The consequence is, they have plunged into an almost impenetrable thicket, and find no safe way of escape.

These remarks have been made in consequence of the vote taken in the Committee of Reconstruction on the impeachment question. That Committee, by a vote of six to three, laid resolutions of impeachment upon the table. Only Stevens, Boutwell and Farnsworth voted for impeachment. Bingham, Hulburd, Payne and Beaman voted with the Copperheads Brooks and Beck against that measure. And that vote too, was given after a failure of reconstruction in Alabama, and a certain and unerring indication on the part of the President of an intention to crush out Gen. Grant and Secretary Stanton, and disregard the plain provisions of law; after it had been demonstrated beyond all controversy that, with Andrew Johnson in the White House, no reconstruction can be successful under the Congressional plan, and no honest collection of the revenue can be reasonably expected.

Why it is that such men as Judge Bingham are constantly resisting any attempt at national restoration is more than can be divined upon a supposition of honest, patriotic and intelligent action on their part. All that class of men admit corruption in the public service, and no change for the better can be expected as long as the present Chief Magistrate remains in power. They admit also that, under Andrew Johnson, reconstruction cannot be a perfect success. They also admit that the moment Congress adjourns, Gen. Grant will be arrested and Secretary Stanton again suspended from office. They also admit that murder and assassination is now frequent in the seceding and unreconstructed States, with no hope of change for the better as long as the present bad man occupies the White House. They admit also the defects in the Congressional plan of Reconstruction, and that those defects are incapable of remedy with an hostile Chief Magistrate to execute them. As a sample of the opinions of those Republicans, I mention the fact that, during the past ten weeks, speeches have been made on the floor of the House by that class of Republicans of whom Judge Bingham is a fair representative. In the course of those speeches, deeds of villany and corruption were detailed perfectly sickening to every friend of freedom and public virtue. Granting one-half the statements made by those members to be truthful, the public service in all its departments must be steeped in corruption to an extent hitherto unknown in this or any other country.

Among those speakers I will mention Mr. Washburne and Mr. Woodbridge as fair specimens of the opinions of moderate Republicans.

Mr. Washburne declared, some time since, that if the present corruption and extravagance was much longer continued, the people would rise up and drive representatives into the Potomac. He also admitted and declared that these corruptions could not be remedied as long as Mr. Johnson remains President. Mr. Elliot also admitted Mr. Johnson to be an obstacle in the way of an honest administration of the laws.

Mr. Woodbridge, of Vermont, also made a speech in which occurs the following remarkable language:

"The Commissioner should have personal power and responsibility, and should be a man of sufficient courage to remove an obnoxious official upon complaint made of corruption or malfeasance in office. The people demand that the law should be enforced. They know that one hundred millions of dollars should be received annually as a tax on whiskey, and they will not endure the frauds on the revenue much longer. There is a fault somewhere, I do not know where exactly, but the House should adopt every means to secure that which to the Government is entitled to under the law."

Brave words! sensible words! statesmanlike language, and just what the people believe, Mr. Woodbridge. The people have known for more than two years past there was a fault somewhere; and, unlike Mr. Woodbridge, have known exactly where that fault lies. They know that two hundred millions of revenue per year goes uncollected; or, if collected, is lost to the nation in consequence of frauds in the Revenue Department. They understood, too, that sum is sufficient to pay the whole national debt in twenty-five years, principal and interest, and Mr. Woodbridge is right in asserting that they will not long endure such frauds. Knowing all these facts, they also know there is no possibility of preventing fraud in the public service so long as the patron of corrupt officials is permitted to occupy the White House; that it is impossible to collect the revenue as long as the present Chief Executive is suffered to remain in office, and use pardoning power to shield corrupt officials from punishment when convicted of crime.

Knowing exactly where the fault lies, and what remedy to apply, the people will not long endure representatives in Congress, either too stupid or too corrupt to find out and apply that remedy. That remedy they know full well to be the impeachment and removal of a corrupt Executive. It is folly sublimed to insanity to expect honesty in the public service, or return of national peace and prosperity, until that is done. There is and can be no honesty in public service so long as corruption bears sway at the Executive mansion, and no permanent national prosperity and peace so long as the Chief Magistrate uses his power to promote discord, and trample under foot the rights of humble but loyal citizens.

When the people elected their representatives to the XLth Congress, they supposed they were voting for men of sufficient courage to remove an obnoxious official upon complaint made of corruption or malfeasance in office. The hardy descendants of the liberty-loving old Roundheads, who in the days of Charles I. invented a precedent where none then existed for bringing an unjust and wicked ruler not only to trial but to death, little thought that in voting for Mr. Woodbridge they were voting for a man who would in his place on the Judiciary Committee sanction the monstrous, cowardly, and anti-Republican doctrine that there is in this Republic no legal method for the people to rid themselves of an Executive that disappointed their hopes and expectations, betrayed their confidence and joined hands with their enemies;" an Executive that "proved false to the express and implied conditions which underlie his elevation to power, and deserves the censure and condemnation of every well disposed citizen of the Republic;" an Executive "enveloped in the darkness of the past, blind to the necessities of the times and the demands of a progressive civilization, and guilty of many wrongs."

Had those hardy Puritans when voting for him thought that Mr. Woodbridge would have joined hands with copperheads and furnished aid and comfort to all that is rebellious and disloyal in the land, they would never have clothed him with power of signing as their representative that most lame, boyish, limping and bungling attempt at screening from punishment Presidential crime, the minority report on the subject of impeachment. The people of the United States are firmly resolved on one thing, and that is, that they will not long endure representatives lacking courage to vote for impeachment, and thus make the collection of the revenue possible, and ensure honesty to the public service. Mr. Woodbridge and all other members of the House who have joined hands with copperheads in whitewashing Presidential wickedness and endorsing a usurping and corrupt Chief Magistrate, will be saved the mortification of defeat at the next election, by declining at once to face a constituency they have thus disappointed.

Now there is another phase of this question. The course of those timid gentlemen has endangered the success of the Republican party next Autumn. The American people are not blind if their representatives are. They love pluck, desire justice and fair play in politics, and will not permit hypocrisy to go unpunished. They are apt to require a representative to vote consistently or leave him at home. That is especially so with Radical voters. When therefore a member rises in his seat on the floor of Congress and solemnly assert that there are two hundred millions of dollars of revenue per year being absorbed in frauds, and those frauds cannot be prevented as long as the incumbent of the Presidential chair is suffered to remain in office, the people will require that member to initiate proceedings for the impeachment of that Executive, or resign his place as their representative. Not only that, but they have too keen a sense of justice and fair dealing to continue in power a party that creates a public belief in the wickedness and corruption of a public officer, and then solemnly votes against the removal and punishing of that officer. When, therefore, the Republican party created the belief in the corruption of the President, it assumed the responsibility of those charges, and will not be permitted to avoid the consequences of that position. If the charges made against the Executive are true, the party will be justly punished for not taking steps to remove him from office. If they are not true, the people should defeat every member making those charges and creating such slanderous impressions at the next election. And Gen. Grant's Republican friends cannot escape such defeat, as they have made as many charges against the President as the Radical wing of the party, and that the people right well understand.

Another matter should be considered in making up a verdict on this question. That is, the condition of loyal white and freedmen in the recently rebellious States. The condition of those people is sad enough, and what is worse than all the rest, there is little hope of improvement for years to come. When the President asserted that there would be a war of races in the South, he had no idea of a war between organized black and white forces, or that the black race would inaugurate a state of hostilities against the white race. He simply meant that the whites would, by a slow process of murder and continued assassination, eventually exterminate the African race. That process is now going on. I have just read a letter from a gentleman of high character and recently in an official position in Texas, in which he states that over two thousand murders of freedmen have occurred in Texas alone the last two years, and no attempt made to punish the perpetrators of those murders. In one county containing a population of less than seven hundred, twenty-nine murders are charged to have been committed the past year, and no arrests made or attempted. Another small county has had one hundred and forty such occurrences, and so on through the whole State of Texas. In the other States the same state of things exist, and the blood of loyal freedmen from every rebel State is crying for redress at the hands of a government they have loved and served but too well. There is no question made by a single member of the terrible condition of affairs in the South, and of the fact that no change for the better can reasonably be expected with Andrew Johnson in the Presidential chair. Those facts being admitted, it would seem to all candid, loyal men that duty would require of Congress a stay of shedding of human blood, by removing a wicked Chief Magistrate. In other words, most people would suppose there could be no hesitation on the part of members of an American Congress to remove from office a corrupt officer, whose conduct led directly to bloodshed and murder. Bloodshed and riot should be stopped as soon as possible. When such riot and bloodshed is the result of corrupt action on the part of rulers, there should be no hesitation to impeach and remove such rulers. Members of Congress who refuse to perform that duty, under any and all circumstances, become to a certain extent responsible for all the mischiefs growing out of a failure to perform that duty. The loyal, radical Union voters of the United States will be quite likely to punish by defeat all members who have failed to stop the shedding of loyal blood by voting against the impeachment of a President they themselves admit is criminal and an insurmountable obstacle in the way of national restoration and peace.

The vote of Bingham on the impeachment question is a fine commentary on his consistency. He was elected in 1866 to the XLth Congress on a pledge of moving to impeach Andrew Johnson. When, however, the question comes before the House he refuses to redeem his pledges to his constituents for fear some other person than Grant might be nominated by the Republicans as a candidate for President in 1668. He has been loud in his denunciation of the criminal conduct of the President, but when asked to make good his charges by voting to try and subject him to the penalty of those crimes, he cries out in fear, I will never vote to build up Gen. Butler at the expense of Gen. Grant. All through the contest not only Mr. Bingham, but Washburne of Illinois, and other Grant men, have refused to vote for impeachment for fear Grant will be injured in his Presidential prospects.

Such conduct is quite likely to produce serious consequences to the Republican party. The Radical Republicans care very little whether the next President is Pendleton or Grant, if the same policy is to be adopted by both those gentlemen. Republicans may find voting with Copperheads to shield Presidential crime from punishment is a losing business. It is now evident that we have only about sixty Radicals in the House. Only about that number have the moral courage to vote for thoroughly Radical measures, and only about fifty-seven can be found to say they believe in the truth of their charges against Andrew Johnson. That fifty-seven will be quite likely to be remembered by the American people with pride, as a band of good men and true, long after the timid remainder of that body are forgotten.

CHARLES E. MOSS.

NASBY PAPERS.

THE DECEASE OF ALDERMAN PENNIBACKER—THE PARSON INDULGES IN APPROPRIATE REFLECTIONS.

POST OFFIS, CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
(wich is in the Stait uv Kentucky)
January 25, 1868.

WUN by wun we go! Wun by wun the tall oaks wich hev stood, unmoved, the blasts uv time, totter and fall! We view their prostrate forms a second ere, methinks, they sink into the earth and are lost to site, tho to memry dear, forever. Then around the old stump the young sprouts grow up more vigorouser than ever.

I ain't singin these moral reflecshuns for nothin. I never waste the pathetics. Whenever a man is pulled drowndid from the creek in this vicinity, wich happens frekently, there bein three distilleries onto it, I never weep until I see whether he belongs to my congregashun. It requires too much uv an effort to weep, to do it on all okkashuns.

Elder Abslum Pennibacker, to-wunst the strength and the ornament uv the meetin house uv wich I hev bin for two yeers a pastor, departed this life at 2 p.m. this afternoon. For him I weep, for him the teers is flowin over the paper onto wich these lines is penned. I am writin em in the presence uv the wife and children uv the deceest, and it does em good to see me affectid. When one kin confer satisfaction at so little trouble ez to carry an onion in his pocket handkerchief, he would be a broot, indeed, ef he did not prove himself ekel to the occasion.

Elder Pennibacker wuz born in the eastern part of Pennsylvany, uv real old Democratic stock. He wuz born amid the scenes uv the war uv Independence, and he growed up with Revolooshenary memries inspirin him. His father fought in the Revolooshen, havin come all the way across the Atlantic to do it. He wuz a Hessian, and therefore wuznt penshuned by the Amerikin government. But at their Fourth of Jooly celebrashens the old man wuz invited to sit on the stand, the yomanry uv that secshun not knowin that it made any difference ez to the side he took in the struggle.

Young Abslum growd up amid exslent infloounces. There wuznt no skools in the visinity in his infancy, and jist ez he mite have bin contaminated by em, his father moved to Kentucky, where he was safe from all sich. The old gentleman dyin, Abslum inherited the paternal akers and paternal niggers and became a man among men. The genius uv the man now began to develop. Untrameled by the narrer views uv his paternal ancestor, he boldly launcht out for himself. He early distinguished hisself by his inventive genius, wich took the real Kentucky shoot. 'Twas him wich conceeved the idea uv braidin small wire into the lashes of nigger whips; and not satisfied with that, he, after a month's hard study, brought out the improvement in the nigger paddle uv boring holes into it. He hed a desprit struggle to git it adopted. The blind planters uv the neighborhood hed fathe in the old paddle, plain, and the Elder wuz forst to demonstrate, by actooal experiment on his niggers its sooperiority. He killed two in doing it, but he triumphed. It wuz found that more chastisement cood be inflicted with it in a given time, than by the old method, and that it lasted longer.

I need not say wat hiz politics wuz. He wuz never nothin but a Dimocrat. He commenst his career votin three times for Jackson, and the candidates wich followed in succession hed no cause to complain of his zeel. Under Bookanan his faithfulnis wuz rewardid. The post offis wich I now hold wuz given him, and he discharged the dooties faithfully and to the best uv his ability. Ez he coodent read he put wat letters wich arriv out into a box outside, lettin every one thet come take one ef they wantid to. The paper wich come to the offis for Deekin Pogram he learned to distribbit in two weeks. The out-goin mail he dumped into a Looisville bag, feelin a great load wuz off his mind when it departid. He held the offis till they wantid him to make out a quarterly report. He wuz nonplussed. He either hed to buy a nigger who cood read and write, or resign, and he resigned. A half-starved Yankee wuz appointid in his stead, who reigned till I releeved him.

The elder wuz the happy possessor uv three hundred niggers. They wuz probably the best lot uv niggers, ez they run, in Northwestern Kentucky. He hed three shades uv color. The trader cood find anything in the line uv nigger, up to these three, that he wantid on his plantashen. Ther wuz the pure Congo, the agil mulatto, and the comely quadroon.

* * * * * *

The elder hed bin in failin health ever since 1862. In that year he embarkt into a speculation wich bid fair to make him wun uv the wealthiest men in the Stait, and wood, hed things bin continyood normal. Ther wuz niggers runnin to the Federal camps from all parts uv the Stait, and the Elder conceived an idea uv goin to the said camps and claimin uv em. The officer in command wuz so anxious to consiliate em, that he wood gladly give em up without bein pertikler about proofs, and the Elder gathered, in that way, in two months, over a hundred. It required a good deel of ridin, and that fatigue, combined with the exposure incident to bushwackin Federal pickets, wich wuz guardin his fences and sich, brought on a spell uv sickness from wich he never fully recovered. The Emancipashen Proclamashen nearly finisht him, and he lingered along, a broken man, until Johnson's 22d of Febroory speech, wich acted ez a tonic onto him. He revived, but the effect wuz temporary. Ez the Conservatives made headway, he came up, and ez Congris triumphed, he went down, and thus he lived like a candle in a tin lantern, flickrin or quiet, ez the wind blowd. He pluckt up amazinly after the eleckshuns last Fall, but alas, the treachery of Meade and the reinstatement uv Stanton wuz two blows from wich he cood not hope to recover. And so, yesterday, at two p.m., wich in this case means *post mortem*, he died.

"Send in Sairsy!" said he, and a favorit mulatto woman uv hizzen who, owin to the fact uv her havin eight children, who wuz quadroons, hed stayed onto the place, wuz sent for. She set on the bed, and the Elder's head wuz placed in her lap. "Give me my munney," said he; and a box uv Confedrit scrip wuz given him. And so, with his head in Sairey's lap, fingerin Confedrit scrip, and takin liker out uv a spoon, he passed gently away. It wuz a troo Kentucky deparcher. "This is the eend uv life!" sed I. "May my eend be like his," murmured Deekin Pogram, and all wuz o'er.

There wuz trouble immejitly. When the Elder's will wuz read I wuz disappinted to find that he hed not remembered me, and Mrs. Pennibacker wuz also disappinted to find that the Elder hed left the half uv his estate to Sairey and his wife. Sairey and the people uv the Corners to wich he was indebted in small sums, wuz disappinted to find that Bascom hed a mortgage on everything the Elder possessed, uv quite its valyoo. Bascom, I bleeve, hez a mortgage onto every foot uv ground within ten miles uv here. He wood hev a mortgage onto my property, I make no doubt, ef I hed any. But I aint, halleloogy! I do wish, however, that some one uv more enlarged views wood start a grocery here! Its inconvenient to hev so sharp a man supplyin yoo with the absloot necessities uv life. We buried the Elder to-day. It wuz a large funeral. In the front wuz his children, by his wife, then the entire Corners; and back uv em more than forty yaller niggers, who hed bin hizzen. What drawd im to his tomb? Wuz it instink? Who kin tell? But a piller hez fallen; I am too sad to write more.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M.,
(Wich is Postmaster.)

THE IMPEACHMENT QUESTION.

THE Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Morning Post* says: "The indications are that impeachment is dead in the Committee, and that nothing will come of the evidence recently taken. There will be a meeting of the Reconstruction Committee, but it is a forgone conclusion that the matter will be allowed to drop. In conversation with one of the leaders of the House, this evening, your correspondent asked, 'Why has it fallen through? Is it from any want of sufficient evidence?' 'By no means,' was the reply. 'The only trouble is, we are too cowardly; our men have not the nerve to act; moral, almost criminal, cowardice is the sole cause why Andrew Johnson is not impeached and removed.' The above is the language of one who has been always anxious for impeachment, and whose knowledge of the subject is inferior to that of no other member of Congress. Nearly all the members of the Committee are of the opinion that the President has violated the law, but they hesitate to treat him as they would any other criminal. There was a rumor in the city to-night that Mr. Stevens would to-morrow make a report to the Committee in favor of impeachment, but no such action will be taken, for the reason, in the first place, that Mr. Stevens is too unwell, and will hardly be able to attend, and in the second, that he does not consider that it would be of any use to do it. Nearly all the members say the President ought to be impeached, but very few of them have the courage to give effect to their convictions."

WHAT MR. CONWAY THINKS ABOUT RECONSTRUCTION.

WASHINGTON, February 14, 1868.

THOS. W. CONWAY, who has travelled extensively through the South, has just written a letter to T. W. Tullock, the Secretary of the Union Republican Congressional Committee, giving his opinion on Reconstruction, and his reasons for the failure of the whole business unless Congress shall pass some such measure as the bill now before the Senate Judiciary Committee, making majorities of the votes cast sufficient to ratify the State Constitutions. He states that the rebels are determined to defeat any plan of reconstruction coming from the present Congress, especially if the right to vote is given to negroes; that this class is thoroughly organized, and act in concert all over the South; that they have the entire control of the Associated Press and its machinery in the South, thus giving them a great advantage over their opponents; that they unite together to proscribe all Unionists, both white and black, that vote for the Congressional plan of reconstruction, thus creating a reign of terror and preventing men from going to the polls; that notwithstanding the poverty of the South, large sums of money have been raised for the purpose of defeating the Congressional plan of reconstruction. Mr. Conway adds that spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion to the "lost cause" is as great in the South now among implacable rebels as it was during the war—*Special Dispatch to the Evening Post.*

GRANT THE PROTECTOR OF JOHNSON.

From the Philadelphia Morning Post.

WE do not know what Gen. Grant has to do with the House of Representatives, that he should interfere to prevent the impeachment of the President. It is not a matter which concerns the General of the Army, and it is especially indecorous for him to use his political influence with Congress, when he is a candidate for the Republican nomination. Yet, if we may trust the word of Thaddeus Stevens (and who dare question it?) impeachment is not defeated by the friends of Grant only, but by the act of Grant himself. "Grant has been using his influence," said Mr. Stevens yesterday, "everywhere, to defeat the scheme, and Andrew Johnson has to thank him that he remains undisturbed in the White House." This is confirmation of the despatches sent from Washington to more than one Republican paper this week, all of which substantially agreed that Gen. Grant was opposed to the measure, and that members of the House while acknowledging its justice, surrendered their duty in deference to his Presidential aspirations. It is necessary then that Gen. Grant should take the responsibility of this cowardly policy, which, in Mr. Stevens's opinion, kills the Republican party, and in the opinion of every thoughtful man, at the least, lessens the probabilities of its success this year. We do not say that Gen. Grant should have advocated impeachment. On the contrary, we insist that, as a military man, any interference with the National Legislature was without the limits of his duty, and that, as a Presidential candidate, it was an indecorum and a blunder.

It is singular that such Republicans as Mr. Bingham and Mr. Washburne should not perceive how profoundly the principles involved in impeachment underlie the Republican future. Whoever supposes that the question is merely if Andrew Johnson shall be punished, utterly mistakes it. The question is: Is the Republican party to admit that the President has done nothing in violation of law? Is it to admit that after all its talk of usurpation, of conspiracy, there has been no usurpation, no conspiracy? These are terrible admissions, and yet they must be made throughout the Presidential campaign; for surely the Republican party can never afford to take the other horn of the dilemma. If it does not acquit the President of the crimes he is charged with, it accuses itself of being his accomplice. It then declares that he has violated law, that he *is* guilty of usurpation and conspiracy; but that, with all these crimes upon his head, it sustained and protected him in office. Let the Republican party choose as it may, it must confess either that it has falsely accused the President, or falsely betrayed its trust.

This is the reason why the refusal of the Republican members of Congress to impeach Johnson is a gigantic political blunder, and why Mr. Stevens's prediction of our defeat is not to be dismissed with indifference. The whole legislation of Congress in regard to reconstruction, is avowedly based on the the assumption that the President cannot be trusted to execute the laws. If he can be trusted, then there is no shadow of excuse for the sweeping bill which takes from him the executive authority delegated to him by the Constitution, and confides it to the General of the Army. When Congress and the President—that is, the two parties they represent, make their appeal to the great tribunal of the people, with what consistency can the Republicans repeat their charges against the President? How will they revive the indictment which they have themselves withdrawn? To all that we may say against the policy which Andrew Johnson represents, the Democratic party will have one answer—"He did nothing against the Constitution and the laws. You did not *dare* to impeach him." And the consequences of our cowardice will be the more dangerous if our candidate for the Presidency is the man who killed impeachment. The issue between the President and Congress will be tried at the polls in November, and we shall stand or fall on that. The Republican party has right on its side, and therefore we trust that it will triumph, yet we dare not conceal that it has chosen to fight under terrible disadvantages. Gen. Grant, who it is said *must* be nominated, has not added to his personal strength by this act of interference with the natural course of Congress. That our candidate was for six months in Mr. Johnson's cabinet might be explained, on the ground that he submitted to the degrading service for the good of the country; but that he interfered to keep a treacherous and traitorous executive in office almost paralyzes the Republican attack. When Congress and Gen. Grant unite in the opinion that Andrew Johnson has violated no law, does not deserve impeachment, the Republican party, in our deliberate opinion, surrenders an impregnable position, and throws away an irresistible weapon.

THE SOUTHERN STATES.

KENTUCKY.

THE MURDER OF AN INNOCENT MAN BY A MOB.

WE have already recorded the fact of the breaking open of the jail at Frankfort, Ky., and the summary hanging of a negro named Jim Macklin, who had been arrested on a charge of outraging a white girl. The Frankfort *Commonwealth* reports the statements of the girl, and adds:

On Thursday evening, following the above circumstances, it was rumored in the streets that the negro, Jim Macklin, who had been arrested and placed in jail, was to be hung by a mob during the night. Our paper had just gone to press, about 8 o'clock, when we heard a shout on the street, and, looking out, saw a number of persons collected at and near the entrance to the jail. Quite a number of persons also gathered in the vicinity as spectators, taking no part in the affair. The mob was composed of some twenty or twenty-five persons, mainly Irishmen. The jailor refused to deliver up the keys of the jail, and an attack was made on the jail door with axes at first, and subsequently with sledge-hammers. During the attempt to obtain an entrance, Col. D. Howard Smith, Auditor, with a courage and sense of duty that commands the highest respect and commendation of his fellow-citizens, and of all law-abiding men, went among the mob and urged them to desist from their undertaking, and let the law take its course. The Catholic priest did the same. Their remonstrances proved unavailing, and, after working about two hours at the jail door, an entrance was effected, the negro was taken out, carried up Main st., and to the place where the deed was committed upon the girl, and there hanged to a tree till he was dead, several shots being fired into his body. A single pistol was fired near the jail as the door was opened and the negro seized, and several more as the mob passed the Capital Hotel. These are the facts as closely as we have been able to learn them, connected with the outrage and the execution of the negro, Jim Macklin. A profound sensation was created in the community by the affair, and we are glad to state a general condemnation of the summary action of the mob taking the law into their own hands. Greater interest attaches to the several occurrences because testimony is produced tending to show the existence of an *alibi* on the part of the negro executed. As the newspapers in this and other States have alluded to and commented upon the affair, we have deemed it our duty as a public journalist to ascertain and state with correctness the testimony that conflicts in an essential particular with the above narration. Mr. John Henderson, a coal dealer and a man of reliability, states to us that on the day on which the deed was committed, he was engaged with a number of hands in hauling coal from the river bank above the wooden bridge. He had a boat anchored in the river some ten feet from the wharf, to which a single plank was run out. The cart was backed up to the edge of the wharf and the coal was brought in lumps from the boat along this plank and thrown into carts. During the early part of the morning, he had two hands employed in carrying coal. Finding they could not keep the carts going, he hired the negro who was hung, Jim Macklin, who began work at 11 o'clock a.m. The negro was put in the boat with the other two. Mr. Henderson stood at the end of the plank, on the wharf, from noon till the whistle of the steam-mill blew at 5½ o'clock in the evening, never being absent therefrom except one or two minutes, when he, with the three hands, went to the fire on shore to warm, and returned immediately. His presence was required at the end of the plank in order to prevent the carts from backing into the river. He never left his station for a single moment, save as above mentioned, and during all this time the negro Jim was at work in the boat, and never went out of his sight. When the alarm was given that the girl had fallen over the cliff, the negro Jim was in the boat. When the officers came to arrest him, he informed them that the negro was innocent, and had been with him during the entire time when the offence was alleged to have been committed. To the truth of these facts Mr. Henderson states that he is willing to make oath, and that they are corroborated by his son, Robert Henderson, and by Thos. Bybee, Richard Chiles, John Shannon and Richard Penelin—all white men, and engaged in work at the wharf—and by some seven negroes, likewise employed at the wharf. Mr. Henderson further states that when he was informed the negro was to be hung by the mob, he went to the Catholic priest, and asked him to intercede with them, and obtain a trial for the negro. The priest did so, but his efforts proved unavailing.

TENNESSEE.

From the Nashville Press, 7th.

AN OLD COLORED MAN SHOT IN COLD BLOOD BY AN EX-REBEL SOLDIER.

In Marshall county, on Tuesday last, an ex-rebel soldier, named Miner W. Aiken, shot and killed an old colored man, named Robert Hogg, under circumstances the most cold-blooded and atrocious that can well be conceived of. Aiken is known throughout the whole section as a desperate and reckless character, to be feared and dreaded. He was one of the bloodiest of that bloody gang of guerrillas who, under the command of one Montgomery, perpetrated fearful deeds of plunder and outrage in numerous sections of Middle Tennessee. In the year 1865, Aiken attempted the life of Mr. Lilliard, our Representative from Marshall county, and that gentleman secured an indictment and caused his arrest. As in numerous other similar cases, however, the villain succeeded in getting away, and after being released went to Missouri. Here he remained some time, and it is but a few weeks since he passed through Nashville to his old home, near Joice's Mills. On Tuesday, the colored man, Robert Hogg, who is sixty years of age, and one of the most quiet and inoffensive beings in the world, fell in with Aiken upon the road, the two proceeding toward the mills. The colored man was unacquainted with Aiken, save by reputation, and was totally ignorant of the fact that the individual before him was none other than the desperado himself. Hogg incidentally remarked that he understood Aiken was back again, and said further that he did not think it would be well for him (Aiken) if Lilliard should get after him. This inoffensive conversation on the part of the old colored man seems to have aroused all the vindictiveness of the former guerrilla. He turned from the road to his cabin, procured his rifle, and following after the colored man, who had proceeded but a short distance, deliberately shot him through the body. The wounded man ran a few steps, mortally injured, and then fell to the ground. While lying there, weltering in gore, Aiken deliberately loaded his gun, and, going up to where the colored man was lying, placed the muzzle in close proximity to his head, and shot him through the brain. This terrible deed was perpetrated in the presence of several white men, who looked on, apparently, with placid indifference. After having perpetrated this cold-blooded and most atrocious murder, Aiken warned the people not to touch the body upon pain of death, as he would shoot the first man who attempted to bury his victim. The desperado was seen about the place several times, with his gun, apparently watching, and such was the fear which his threats had excited that no one dared to attempt the burial of the old man, and the body actually lay where it had fallen for nearly three days, and until the hogs had commenced rooting about the corpse and gnawing the flesh from the bones. A number of colored people got together, and finally, in the absence of the murderer from the neighborhood, took the body away and interred it. The details of this terrible, almost unexampled crime, are of such a horrible character that we were at first inclined to doubt their truth. The deed, with all its fearful surroundings, is, however, too well attested to admit of a moment's doubt. Our information comes not from one source, but from several, whose trustworthiness none can dispute. We understand that the facts have been laid before the Freedmen's Bureau, but what will be done in the matter remains to be seen. No attempts were made to arrest Aiken at the time of the deed, or since, and he is still at large. The presence of the "Kuklux Klan" gives to the desperado, unless extraordinary means are used, almost certain immunity from arrest.

IMPEACHMENT DEAD—MR. STEVENS'S PREDICTION.

By Telegraph to the New York Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Thursday, Feb. 13, 1868.

THE Sub-Committee on Reconstruction submitted to the full Committee, this morning, the testimony which they had taken in the impeachment business. It gave rise to some discussion, after which Mr. Thaddeus Stevens called the attention of the Committee to the fact that he had prepared articles of impeachment which he wished to submit. Mr. Stevens then read the articles as follows:

The Committee on Reconstruction, to whom was referred the correspondence of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, and U. S. Grant, the General commanding the armies of the United States, having considered the same and the evidence, do report that, in virtue of the powers with which your Committee have been invested, they have fully examined the evidence before them, and are of opinion that Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, is guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors, and therefore they recommend the adoption of the following resolutions:

Resolved, That Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, be impeached of high crimes and misdemeanors.

Resolved, That a Committee go to the Senate, and at the bar thereof, in the name of the House of Representatives and all the people of the United States, do impeach Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, of high crimes and misdemeanors, and acquaint the Senate that the House of Representatives will in due time exhibit particular articles of impeachment against him, and make good the same.

Resolved, That said Committee do demand that the Senate take order for the appearance of the said Andrew Johnson, to answer to said impeachment.

Mr. Stevens wished to have a vote, and, after some discussion, Judge Bingham moved to table the resolution, which was carried by the following vote: Yeas—Messrs. Bingham, Paine, Beaman, Hulburd, Brooks, Beck—6. Nays—Messrs. Stevens, Boutwell, and Farnsworth—3. Before the vote was taken, Mr. Paine, who voted for impeachment last year, attempted to dodge the question in committee, and moved toward the door to leave the room. Mr. Stevens, observing his movements, said, shaking his finger at him, "Paine, come back; you have got to face the music. Go on either the one side or the other." Paine hesitated, and then Stevens said, "Clerk, put him down against impeachment," and Mr. Paine was so registered. When the vote had been declared, Mr. Stevens said: "Sir, the Republican party has been killed to-day by the action of this Committee, at the instance of Gen. Grant and his friends. I have found that for the last two or three days, the men who shout the loudest and throw their hats the highest for U. S. Grant, have been using every exertion to demoralize Mr. Bingham and the other members of this Committee who were supposed to favor impeachment, that Grant has been using his influence everywhere to defeat the scheme, and that Andrew Johnson has to thank him that he remains undisturbed in the White House. I have been in public life for forty years, and though I do not pretend to any gift of prophecy, I have seldom been mistaken in my political predictions. I tell you that to-day's cowardly action will cost us New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and probably three or four more of the Northern States." It was all to no purpose. The killing of impeachment had been determined on before the Committee met, and the words of Mr. Stevens could not alter the fixed opinions of the Committee. After the vote, the members dropped out, and after they had gone, Messrs. Stevens, Farnsworth, and Boutwell held a meeting, and talked over the course which they had best pursue. In answer to propositions to revive impeachment in another shape, and bring it before the House, Mr. Stevens said: "We had better stop just where we are. There is no use in making ourselves ridiculous before the country, and trying to get up an excitement, and when we come to the point flying the track." This was the conclusion to which the Committee arrived at, to let impeachment rest, at least for the present.

THE RETREAT OF THE IMPEACHERS.

From the Philadelphia Morning Post.

LET no one put faith in impeachment. Nothing but compulsion will bring Congress to that measure. If the President should turn a series of somersaults down Pennsylvania, Ave. he might be impeached on the charge of insanity, or if he sent a rebel battalion to the Capitol with instructions to shoot the Republican members, Congress might accuse him of unfitness for office. But such little things as the order directing General Grant to disobey the laws of Congress, or the New Orleans massacre, or the conspiracy to nullify the reconstruction laws, are not in the opinion of the majority of the House even misdemeanors. So long as the President does not himself compel Congress to impeach him, he is perfectly safe.

What is the reason for this failure? Not the want of evidence, for the House has all the evidence it needs. The House cannot take time to remove this President, being too busy in making the next. If it could be known that the impeachment of Mr. Johnson would not interfere with General Grant's election, there would be no opposition to the measure. But Presidential canvasses must be delicately managed, and if Mr. Wade should be made acting President, terrible is the danger that he would throw the influence of the administration in favor of Chief Justice Chase. So, to keep Mr. Chase out of office, Mr. Johnson must be kept in. Is it for this reason that the Senate Judiciary Committee will not report Mr. Edmunds's bill suspending civil officers during trial? A Republican paper, and one which supports Gen. Grant for the Presidency, goes much farther than this. The New York *Evening Post* affirms: "It is understood that General Grant is opposed to pushing matters so far as to result in impeachment. In such an event, the members of the Cabinet who sustain Mr. Johnson would be put upon the stand as witnesses, and the burden of their evidences would be that, even admitting the President to have been guilty of conspiracy to defeat the laws of Congress, General Grant was to a certain extent a party to such conspiracy. Mr. Johnson's friends will endeavor to establish this policy. This is the theory of leading Republicans in both Houses." We should not have quoted this upon Democratic authority, but if General Grant's self-constituted friends are afraid to have the mysteries of the Cabinet revealed, it is well that the country should understand it.

For ourselves, we do not care to stoop to consider whose Presidential prospects would be affected by an act of justice. If impeachment would ruin the chances of Chief Justice Chase, we should be very sorry for the defeat of the best candidate the Republican party could have, but still we should say—Impeach! Certainly we should never say that impeachment might prove him a party to conspiracy. If it can affect General Grant, that fact should be made known. If it cannot affect him, what is the cause of the cowardice of the Republican members of the House? If they are not afraid of that, of what, in Heaven's name, are they afraid?

THE PRESS.

Of the defeat of the new Constitution in Alabama, the *Tribune* says:

ALABAMA—OPEN THE DOOR!

We have lost the Constitution in Alabama. The President has done it all. The policy of chaos has its first illustration in this vote. The President and the rebels show us early fruits of their alliance. Taking advantage of an unfortunate provision in the Reconstruction law, the white people of the South have remained away from the polls. They do not abandon their citizenship. They accepted that when they registered themselves under the President's Proclamation of Amnesty. But for the influence of the President, most of these votes would have been cast. We do not know what the result of an election in which all the registered voters participated would have been. Possibly we should have lost the Constitution. In a fair canvass we should have accepted that result, and tried again. This has not been a fair canvass. The white men remained away, and not only refused to

vots, but, by a system of terrorism, kept thousands of loyal whites and blacks from the polls.

We think, from all our information, there can be no doubt of this. We have watched with solicitude the slow and painful process of reconstruction. History fails to show a parallel to the course pursued by what might be called the dominant power of the South. There is something devilish in their spirit. In society and business, in the most tender and delicate relations of life, the rebel has pursued the loyal Southern white man, the negro, the immigrant from the North. Nay, more; when a rebel, no matter how active he may have been in the rebellion, showed the least interest with reconstruction, he was denounced as a cowardly servant of the Yankees. We take two cases in illustration. The rebels had no leader who did more to precipitate war than Roger A. Pryor. He was chief of the young chivalry—the most eloquent, the most resolute, the most pronounced. When Virginia was hovering on the verge of secession, he begged South Carolina to strike the blow, which would make her secede before Shrewsbury clock struck twelve. He was a brave soldier, an earnest General, a rebel until Lee surrendered. That event taught him the necessity and wisdom of Universal Suffrage. He is now an exile from his native State, denounced by the men with whom he served in Congress and the field. The rebellion had no commander more reverenced than James Longstreet. He was Lee's trusted General. He carried the rebel flag through twenty battle-fields, and when it was furled at Appomattox, he was the second in command of the rebel army. Longstreet felt there could be no peace unless the Congress plan of reconstruction was accepted. He urged it upon his people, and instantly he was denounced as a blockhead in war and a coward in peace. The spirit which has virtually outlawed Pryor and Longstreet has triumphed in Alabama. It is the spirit of slavery, disunion, and anarchy, and its active inspiration is Andrew Johnson.

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Another point. We do not fail to clearly note that the vote in Alabama is the legitimate and necessary consequence of the political blunder incorporated by Congress into the reconstruction acts. We say the political blunder, rather than the blunder in statesmanship; for while the act is designed to insure the certain and immediate admission of Alabama into the Union, it shows a want of political shrewdness in directly defeating that end. It might be argued that a truer statesmanship is subserved by suspending the readmission of the State until the rebels shall have given up the hope of disfranchising the blacks, and until rebel disfranchisement shall have been entirely abandoned, so that the whole people may participate in the work of restoring this and every other State to the Union on that basis of "Impartial Suffrage and Universal Amnesty." This would certainly be a desirable result. We cannot afford to wait for it, knowing it will all come in good time. We think, it should have been foreseen by Congress that, in requiring a majority of all the registered votes to be cast for the Constitution, they exposed every man who voted to persecution and punishment. Every person who went to the polls at all is known to have gone there to vote the Radical ticket. Publicity like this thwarts the whole design of voting by ballot, the object of which is to enable every man to vote, so that his ballot cannot subject him to persecution. Every rebel who stayed at home counted as a vote against the policy of Congress, and every white or Republican who could be driven, coaxed, hired, or bullied to stay away from the polls counted as two against the new Constitution. This blunder in the act was clearly pointed out months before the election was held.

Taking all things into consideration, there is but one duty. We are weary of the sword. It is the manifest will of the loyal people of Alabama to return to the Union. Congress must recognize this will as a legitimate expression of the popular voice. If we postpone the admission now we invite chaos and remand the South to other years of trouble and danger; we continue military occupation; we deter the Union men from the blessings of self-government, to gratify the spleen of the rebels. Congress might have made the law sufficient. It failed because it desired to be generous. Its generosity has been answered by terrorism, and persecution, and fraud. It is plainly the duty of Congress to welcome the members elect to Washington, and at once to admit Alabama to the Union. If there are ten loyal men in Alabama who desire to return to the Union, Congress should recognize them, and them only, as the representatives of the State. If the rebels persist in their enmity, the work must be done without them. Let us have no trifling with these implacable enemies of freedom and justice. Alabama stands at the door. Let her come in.

The *Herald* says of

RECONSTRUCTION—THE ADMISSION OF ALABAMA.

Mr. Sherman's bill, proposing to declare the State of Alabama entitled to representation, is the indication of a wholesome conviction. It is the acknowledgment that the Radicals dare not face the people on the Presidential canvass with the ten States still out of the Union after three years of peace. Such a terrible monument of party incapacity—or something worse—as three years of failure must be swept from sight at any cost; consequently a law must declare the State in, whether it has complied with the specified conditions or not. The mere inertia of the Southern people—their mere refusal to take part for whatever cause—must not be permitted to put the party before the nation on the wrong side of the great question. As far as the laws go the real status of the question seems a little cloudy. Mr. Sherman's bill is distinctly based on the clause of the law of March 2, 1867, which only requires that the constitution should be approved by a majority of those voting on the question; and this ignores the later enactment requiring that the constitution approved by a majority of the registered voters. It can hardly be that the Senator should not know of this enactment, and yet it seems that if this enactment were the potential one, the Senate could scarcely declare the State entitled to representation upon its complying with a condition rendered of no value by having been superseded. In this cloudy state in which the question has been left by the number of laws made, there is no understanding the move initiated in the Senate save on the view we have pointed out. It is a bold determination to wipe out a bad record at one sweep and to declare the State restored, without further tinkering and upon any pretext; to declare, indeed, that compliance with the condition of the law of March 2, 1867, shall be held sufficient, without regard to the later enactment, and thus not permit the enemies of the radical policy to force that party into a position involving its destruction before the people.

This bold course is the part of wisdom. Let the States be brought in, whether they will or no, on any pretext or no pretext, in defiance, if need be, of some better things than this or that clause of any particular reconstruction law. It is evident that this necessity of the Radical party is the advantage of the country. With the States once in, the nation will see its way clearer to the future. We shall then have removed at once all the great danger that lies in the doubt as to what relations the Southern communities bear to the States at large and to the General government—a doubt that seemed likely to be resolved more in a spirit of hate and passion than in justice or reason, and whose resolution in that spirit seemed leading the way to those corruptions and confusions and abuses of power that must surely have left the fabric of our national freedom a leaning, if not a tumbling tower. As for a guarantee against another rebellion, it is only an idle dream to think of any. The results of the war are a security against its renewal. Moreover, the cause of the war is gone in slavery. If ever there be another Southern rebellion it must be on another cause, and as no one can even imagine what that cause may be, how should we provide a guarantee against it? In any view, therefore, Mr. Sherman's bill is a wise one, and should pass both houses. Whether it be extorted from the Radical fear of going before the country in the wrong, or whether it be a late glimmer of wisdom, no matter; it is to the benefit of the nation. With the States once in—once standing on a level with the sister States of the North—Congress can make for Alabama only such laws as it would make for New York; and that restraint will ensure moderation, and if the States come in rampantly Radical, with nigger Congressmen, Senators and all, it will roon be seen that that evil must prove its own best remedy.

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH AND THE NEGROES.

Special Telegram to the Chicago Republican.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.

THE question of admitting negroes to social equality in religious orders, is just agitating the Congregational Church of this city, over which Rev. Dr. Boynton, Chaplain of the House of Representatives presides as pastor. Dr. Boyntonris a warm friend of the colored people, but he does not think it to their interest to leave their own race for the purpose of mingling with the whites. A large majority of his congregation sustain his position. The minority, of which Gen. O. O. [illegible] the head, take issue with Dr. Bo[illegible] subject, they being in favor of admitting negroes to social equality with the white members of the Church. Both parties have already appeared in the public prints in cards explanatory of their positions.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1868.

The National Anti-Slavery Standard

FOR 1868.

Chattelism has been abolished, but equal freedom for the colored race has not yet been secured. The old controversy has not been definitely ended. It has again passed from the bloody arena of the battle-field to the sphere of politics and diplomacy. The last elections present a fearful record of unrelenting prejudice against the colored race. They have revived the forlorn hopes, and renewed the desperate energies of the discomfited rebels at the South. We had fondly hoped that we were well nigh at the end of the struggle for equal freedom, irrespective of color, but through treachery, and the want of enlightened, conscientious statesmanship we are involved in a conflict of still momentous importance. Many politicians who, during the war, were willing to accept the services and to advocate the enfranchisement of colored men, now as the temptations of the presidential year approach, disgracefully surrender and abandon their cause. So too the popular churches and clergy are relaxing their interest for, and diminishing their co-operation with the freedmen, and excusing themselves on the score of disinclination for "political preaching," they ally themselves as formerly with "Conservatism" and the dominant spirit of prejudice against race.

Under these circumstances it is of the greatest importance to have a thoroughly Radical, independent journal, which, like THE STANDARD, may speak freely and fearlessly for justice and impartial freedom, with nothing to gain or lose by party triumphs or losses. During the past year our circulation has steadily increased with each month. Frequent calls for the paper come to us of late from the South. THE STANDARD now goes regularly each week to Charleston, Mobile, New Orleans, Memphis, Nashville, Richmond and at other points in the South. We have arrangements in progress for its general introduction to the notice of the leading colored men and white Radicals throughout the South the present year. The importance of an intelligent alliance between uncompromising Radicals at the North and their coadjutors at the South can scarcely be over-estimated in the present condition of national affairs.

WENDELL PHILLIPS will continue as the past year an editorial writer for the columns of THE STANDARD. It will also be the medium through which his lectures and addresses, as revised by himself, will be given to the public. Other able writers will contribute regularly to its columns. We shall continue to present a department of choice literary miscellany, and while chiefly devoted to the consideration of the freedom and well-being of the colored race, our columns will, as hitherto, hospitably entertain the claims of movements of a kindred end and aim, as the rights of women, temperance, education, etc.

The period through which we are now passing is one of the most critical thus far in our national experience. Though the late reverses in the elections may dishearten those whose dependence is upon the Republican party, it should be borne in mind that it has been, and still is, the high prerogative of Abolitionists to create the opinion which makes and unmakes parties in the service of freedom.

We appeal earnestly and confidently therefore to all friends to unite heartily with us in an effort to extend the circulation of THE STANDARD as the emergency of the cause it represents demands.

PREMIUMS.

We offer our friends what we are sure will be esteemed very liberal and welcome compensation for their efforts to add to our subscription list, namely: to old subscribers who renew their subscriptions and send one new subscriber for the year ($6); or to any who will send two new subscribers ($6) we will send either of the following very desirable books:

Wendell Phillips' "Speeches, Lectures and Letters." 582 pages, with steel portrait—price $2.50.

Lydia Maria Child's "Romance of the Republic." 442 pages—price $2.50.

Caroline H. Dall's "College, Market and Court. 498 pages—price $2.50.

NATURAL LEADERS.

SOME men maintain—Governor Andrew was one of this class—that no plan of reconstruction will be successful until the "natural leaders of the South" get to the front. This class of politicians usually explain that the "natural leaders of the South" are its old leaders, the men whose ideas have generally been accepted there during the last thirty years.

This *theory* is a sound one. No society can prosper until its natural leaders are at its head; and this is as true of the South as of every other community. The only mistake the friends of this theory make, is in assuming that the "natural leaders" of the South to-day are its *old leaders*. The old leaders of the South will never lead it anywhere except to destruction. The late events in that section most conclusively prove this.

There are two leading and indispensable elements in Reconstruction—one political, the other material. The South is to be brought under new civil and political regulations. Secondly, its enormous and much-needed products are to be cultivated and transported to the markets of the world. The first part of this work—political reorganization—can only be accomplished by men competent for such business, and who, at the same time, put themselves into accord with the victorious Nation. The old leaders of the South are amply competent for this work; indeed it is the only work they ever were fit for. But they obstinately refuse to "accept the situation." Encouraged by our traitor President, they plot and intrigue to evade and avoid the natural results of the war. In this effort they exhaust all their ability. The negroes, assisted by the few whites who sympathize with the new order of things, have shown far more ability in this direction than the most sanguine of their friends dared to hope. But the evil spirit of the old Southern leaders has constantly checked and hindered these well-considered plans. The old leaders of the South are, to-day, the great obstacles in the way of its reconstruction. Obstinately wedded to their old ideas, soured by military defeat, their only effort is to block and to hinder every step of the Nation's progress. When Congress refused to impeach and remove their great leader in this effort, Congress did just the very thing best calculated to postpone the political settlement of the South. These "old leaders" must be utterly crushed out and banished before any great progress can be made in civil reconstruction.

This has always been the case in all revolutionary periods. When, as in all times of successful revolution, the idea which moulds and governs a country changes, then those who administer its government, necessarily change. The honest adherents to the old *regime* retire and give place to the new men. Only a few turncoats and trimmers hold on, at such times, to their old places. In Massachusetts, in 1775, the Hutchinsons, the Olivers, and some of the Sewalls, the old Colonial leaders and aristocracy, retired and gave place to SAM. ADAMS, to OTIS, QUINCY, and JOHN HANCOCK—men, before that date, of little or no influence, and utterly unrecognized. The "old leaders" of Massachusetts held SAM. ADAMS and JOHN ADAMS—"the son of a cobbler"—in as hearty contempt as the most insolent Southerner does Hunnicut to-day.

Then, as to industrial reconstruction. The South has not, in this generation, produced a white man capable of managing a large plantation, or a white man fit to take charge of a large mercantile house. No white Southerner, in our day, has known how to do business or to conduct affairs. He sometimes split a few hairs in dainty debate about political economy. But he never understood the first principles of production, transportation, labor, or trade. Much less had he any practical efficiency in this direction. He hired Northern brains for this purpose. He lay like a child amid the magnificent capabilities of his country. The North, like a trained and capable guardian, took care of him. Now, by violence, blood, and disorder, he forbids his natural guardian to enter his territory. The inevitable consequence is his lands go uncultivated; what is produced rots, useless for want of transportation to market, and the people starve. He has banished brains and capital. As Mrs. Child said years ago, the town poor and the idiots have seceded from the town, which used to take care of them; and of course they suffer. The remedy is to let the "natural leaders" return to their places. Bureaus and Congressional charity will never avail. What the South lacks, and at the same time banishes, is *brains*. Land and brains—that marriage is a fruitful one. The South forbids the banns. Few men appreciate the intellect and experience it requires to manage the business of a great country. Our pulpits and courts are dwarfed and starved because the management of the enormous industrial resources of this country absorbs three-quarters of its best brains.

Just so long as the South bars out Northern energy and business talent she will sink. The longer she does so, the lower she will sink, and the more she will suffer. In time the negro will grow up—much faster than the Southern white race—to the ability of managing business. Until that takes place, Southern prosperity will be delayed, unless she accepts the aid of the ready North.

We are perfectly aware how trite all these statements are. But, strangely enough, the country seems to have forgotten them. Men stand wondering and confused at all this disorder and suffering at the South. Meanwhile the causes are patent: and so is the remedy. Just so soon as the Government presents a united front—not, as now, a divided one—and shows a set, stern purpose to enforce and harvest the results of the war, just so soon will these noisy, violent men disappear. They have no desire to be martyrs. Let Congress or events remove Johnson and put a loyal Northern idea in his place, and these "old leaders" will subside into that nonentity to which events have doomed them. As to the other matter—business—its laws are more inexorable than any Congress. The South must, in this department, submit or starve. No party success can save her. All the charity in the world cannot effectually and permanently relieve her. She must accept brains and capital on the only conditions the world will furnish them—peace and a law-abiding community—or she must go to ruin. Let her look at Mexico and take warning.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

CUTANEOUS CHRISTIANITY.

THE particular test of the quality of the professed Christianity of this country has been, for many years past, not Jesus of Nazareth, but the negro. Though a man and a brother, he has, until a very recent date, been held by superior force as a slave, and bought and sold in the markets with cattle and cotton. Almost all the different religious denominations had in their membership, in "good and regular standing," some communicants who were owners of slaves, and traffickers in human beings. Nearly all of the smaller sects, whose membership did not include slave-owners, covered the political allies and confederates of slave-owners with their mantle of Christian fellowship. Nor did the Anti-Slavery movement, while dealing with that phase of the conflict, seeking the overthrow of chattelism and the abolition of slave-hunting, find, as a general rule, willing helpers among the churches and clergy. On the contrary, they opposed what they chose to denominate the infidelity and fanaticism of the Abolitionists with much more zeal than slave-holding and slave-catching.

As a result of the agitation in the North, led by Abolitionists in opposition to slavery, and in the South, by the champions of slavery for its preservation and extension, came the war. The hitherto indifferent masses were compelled to take sides. The necessities of the military situation compelled also forcible interference with slavery. The graves of many thousands of soldiers needlessly sacrificed, testify of the unwillingness of Mr. Lincoln and his advisers to "meddle" with slavery. No thanks to popular churches and their clergy that it has been "meddled" with at all! As laggards, they followed in the wake of politicians during the war. Before the war, from moral cowardice, they maintained a guilty fellowship with slave-owners and their abettors, out of regard for the political sentiment of the pews. There were noble individual exceptions, enough to prove the general rule of which we speak.

The military conflict has been suspended, though the victorious army has not been wholly withdrawn. The fever heat of the war has subsided. The old methods of political diplomacy have been revived, and the seeming temporary zeal of the pulpit and of the religious press upon the negro's status under the government has given place to the ancient and more convenient "gospel of Christ," which, in their view, deals chiefly with the sins of the Jews. The chattel slave has been abolished, but the negro race continues yet, as hitherto, the victim race. A powerful minority of maddened rebels and their copperhead allies, seek the re-establishment of slavery. Though defeated in the war, they have a President in the White House, and the record of the last important elections is in their favor. They have still strength enough to punish loyalty at the South, in spite of Congress, with frightful murder and devastating starvation. Our old enemy, the "slave-power" with its root in negro-hatred, is still rampant, South and North. Even the new Constitution of the State of New York, embodying the principle of the equal manhood of the negro, Republicans shrink from submitting to a popular vote, from fear of an ignominious defeat.

For a time the freedmen were the objects of benevolent attention in the way of clothing, books, and implements on the part of churches. This sort of help, as we are assured, is being steadily withdrawn. The Boston American Tract Society which has been, in some sort, a protest against the pro-slavery conservatism of the American Tract Society of this city, has just made a practical surrender of the field to the old and corrupt management. Our Boston correspondence, in another column, gives an interesting and significant account of the way in which the retrograde change has been brought about. This action of the Tract Society is a fair sample of the present attitude of the popular Orthodox churches and journals which are represented by it, towards the negro. While the negro has as yet no guaranteed equality of citizenship, is still prostrate, crucified and bleeding, among thieves, they are disposed, as of old, to pass by on the other side.

Nor are the "Orthodox" churches and papers alone in this tendency. Unitarians and Universalists, except a few Radicals "hanging upon the verge" of their societies, are chiefly busy in building up, as best they may, the walls of their own little world of sect. Complacent with the utterance of broad generalizations as to the "dignity of man," they are, to a great extent, content, like their Orthodox neighbors, that the negro's destiny should be left to the "wisdom of Congress," and to the management of politicans. They serenely bear his present ills with that remarkable fortitude with which, as Dean Swift said, we "can endure the sufferings of other folks." The organ of the Unitarians and, to some extent, of the Universalists in this city, is the *Liberal Christian*. In its treatment of national affairs, it appears to accept the standard of what a journal should be, as given in *Putnam* for March, viz: "that the true function of a journal is to represent rather than to create public opinion." It keeps carefully to the level of the opinion of the well-to-do, conservative, Grant, anti-impeachment Republicans, who make up the bulk of its constituents. Though "Channing" Unitarians, their zeal is noticeably less in enforcing the practical application of Channing's noblest lesson—the equality and essential manhood of all men, irrespective of race or color—than in efforts to hold and strengthen their denominational position as against their evangelical competitors in the sphere of sects. In a recent issue the *Liberal Christian* makes the Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society the subject of editorial notice. After saying, in borrowed *Herald* phrase, that "Mr. Phillips uttered for the thousandth time his tirade against the Republican party, Congress, the Church, Gen. Grant, the Copernican astronomy, and matters and things in general throughout the solar system," that "Col. Higginson told interesting stories," and that "there was the usual amount of great talk, and resolutioning, bluster and fussiness on the part of those who seemed to fear they should be forgotten if they did not speak, and who spoke as though they had hold of the mechanism of the universe, and had only to speak and it were done," the article concludes as follows:

"This Anti-Slavery Convention affords another illustration of the enslaving power of habit, and it almost seems too bad that Mr. Lincoln destroyed slavery in such a summary way, leaving a score or two of people who had fought against it so long and hard that they can do nothing else but rush to and fro, and scream and beat the air as though the monster were still alive. All honor to the noble leaders of the Anti-Slavery movement who, when the victory was won, left the field to engage in other pursuits or to enter the lists against a living foe. But we find it extremely difficult to admire those who wax eloquent over dead issues and grow courageous over the corpse of a foe."

In the New York *Observer* or the *Journal of Commerce* such a paragraph as we have quoted would not have been in the least surprising. We should naturally expect in a journal whose cardinal doctrine in its theory of religion, is the inborn presence of the Divine nature in every human soul, a standard of judgment, in its treatment of the question of the negro's rights, somewhat higher than the level of the "benighted orthodox," and of trading politicians. Unduly seeking a popular constituency, it is clearly incapable of seeing the dangers which still threaten the nation's safety because of the continued unsettled status of the colored race. It indulges in caricature, where it would commend if the class for whom Abolitionists still labor *were white* instead of black.

In the light of duty nothing is done until all is won. No one who makes the case of the negro his own, will assert, in the present state of affairs, that though chattelism has been abolished, his freedom has yet been fully won. To-day our greatest need, as hitherto, is of a conscientious public opinion, which, recognizing the humanity of the colored race, shall demand for it equal rights, impartial legislation, and immunity from crushing social prejudice. To this end churches, the clergy, and the religious press, should zealously labor. The nation's welfare demands something better than a cutaneous Christianity.

WE omitted to mention last week, for want of space, that, in connection with ROBERT PURVIS, Esq., and Mr. JOSHUA HUTCHINSON, of the Hutchinson Family, we had the pleasure of attending a large and deeply interesting meeting in Newtown Hall, at Newtown, Bucks County, Pa., on Saturday, the 8th inst.

Miss HARRIET PURVIS also contributed to the interest of the occasion by a recitation of Mr. George H. Boker's poem, the "Black Regiment." She was listened to with the closest attention and with great satisfaction. Her elocution is excellent. We shall be best understood when we say that the quality of her voice and her earnest manner strongly reminded us of the impassioned eloquence of her father. This was her first recitation in public. It has been known to a few friends for some time past that Miss Purvis entertained the purpose of giving readings (and we hope of lecturing) in aid of the cause to which her father's life has been so nobly consecrated. In carrying out this purpose, her efforts, we have no doubt, will be crowned with complete success, and a large measure of usefulness.

Mr. MAHLON B. LINTON, of Newtown, under whose auspices the meeting was held, also made a brief address, urging the claims of the colored race to impartial justice and equal citizenship. The meeting, in point of interest and earnestness, was, as one of our friends observed, "like an old fashioned Anti-Slavery meeting."

We also attended a very good meeting, in connection with Mr. Hutchinson, in Pineville Hall, at Pineville, in Bucks County, on Sunday afternoon, the 9th inst. We are indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Linton, to Mrs. Buckman, and to Mr. and Mrs. William Loyd for generous hospitality. Mr. Linton will act as our agent in Newtown and vicinity for THE STANDARD.

MR. JOHN OLIVER, formerly of Boston, but for several years past a resident of Richmond, Va., was in this city on Saturday last en route from Richmond to Boston. Himself an intelligent, well-educated colored man, he has been a friend indeed, during a time of great need, to the colored people of Richmond and the surrounding country. Mr. Oliver was the bearer of remittances to us from eight new subscribers for THE STANDARD, all members of the Virginia Constitutional Convention, six colored and two white men. We note with much satisfaction a steady increase in the circulation of THE STANDARD at the South. Money among the colored people and the radical whites is scarce, and many who, we are assured, would like and be much profited by THE STANDARD cannot, in the present situation of affairs, command the means to pay for it. Donations for that purpose have enabled us to send the paper to some for a season gratuitously. Such contributions are of special value in the present period of the formation of a new public opinion, and the development of a new class of ruling minds among the colored men of the South. Among others, Dr. F. W. NEWMAN, of London, recently sent to us a contribution of four pounds sterling to be expended in furnishing THE STANDARD, for a time, to leading colored men at different points in the South. We wish we could have the means at our command to reach, for one year, one hundred thousand such readers. They are eager to learn, and are in natural accord with radical views. It is our purpose to educate, as fully as possible, a public opinion among the freedmen which, with the Radicalism of the North, will hold the political balance of the future, and insure equal rights, impartial legislation, and ultimate immunity from social prejudice for the colored people of the country.

Mr. Oliver reports much suffering from the political proscription and persecution of the blacks by their white employers. It has increased, he says, since the Alabama election and the recent abortive attempt at impeachment. The result is considered doubtful, when the Virginia constitution shall be submitted.

PERSONAL.

The Kansas House of Representatives has just chosen Miss Emma Hunt enrolling clerk; and the Senate has also chosen Miss Holman for its assistant enrolling clerk.

"The Colored Man as a Moral and Political Force" is the title of an able lecture which Mrs. F. E. W. Harper is delivering with success in the South.

Stephen S. Foster lectured upon "Woman's Rights" on Sunday evening last, the 16th inst., in the Town Hall, at Somerville, Mass.

Mrs. Dr. Mary E. Walker recently had the City Hall of Utica voted to her free, in order that she might reply to Dr. Holland's lecture on women.

Joshua Hutchinson, of the Hutchinson Family, who has recently given a very successful series of concerts in Bucks county, Pa., is announced to sing in Washington Hall, Philadelphia, on Tuesday evening, the 25th inst.

Sallie Holley, we are glad to be able to announce, will speak on Sunday evening next, the 23d inst. in the Second Unitarian chapel (the Rev John W. Chadwick's) Brooklyn, corner of Clinton and Congress streets. Many of our readers in this city and Brooklyn, to whom Miss Holley is well known will be glad of this opportunity to hear her. Her subject will be "The Negro's Rights and Wrongs."

Victor Hugo has sent the following letter to Garibaldi: "Dear Garibaldi: There was a lyre in the tent of Achilles; a harp in that of Judas Maccabæus; Orlando sent a copy of verses to Charlemagne; Frederick II. addressed odes to Voltaire. Heroes are poets. You, too, prove it. I read with deep emotion the noble lyrical epistle which you addressed to me, and in which you speak to the soul of Italy in the language of France. The same breath of justice and liberty which inspires you with great deeds, inspires you with great thoughts. Farewell, illustrious friend. VICTOR HUGO."

Mr. Louis Prang, the well-known chromo-lithographer, has begun the system of a division of profits among his workmen. He recently gave a supper to all his employees, from artists to errand boy. In a brief address, Mr. Prang announced his purpose to share with his employees the proceeds of his business the present year, and submitted for their examination his plan of co-operation. The announcement was wholly unexpected, and was received with much enthusiasm. Speeches were made in the course of the evening by Mr. Anden, the engraver; Mr. Forbes, the lithographer; Mr. Pierce, editor of the *Watchman and Reflector*; Mr. James Redpath, and a number of the employees. The evening passed off very pleasantly.

A correspondent writing from Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., says: "Mr. Van Meter, of the Howard Mission, 'Home for Little Wanderers,' has been here with eight of his little girls and he has excited a great deal of interest in his work. The girls contributed very generously, and gave him from five to seven hundred dollars. Now they are holding a student's meeting in the chapel, to arrange a plan by which they can educate one of these little girls, first at Andover and afterwards here. It will be a great blessing to these students if they can be made to realize that each one has a responsibility for the world. And this work of saving little children from the fearful influences amid which so many are born, appeals to the sympathies and interests of all, and is a present work.

"Mr. Van Meter was born in the South, and has had some severe times there with Vigilance Committees. He was one of Lovejoy's friends, and helped to carry home his dead body."

George W. Smalley in a *Tribune* letter from London, dated Feb. 1, says:

"The Rev. Newman Hall seems to have a kind of clumsy good will toward America which it is perhaps ungracious to criticise, but which leads him to make statements that are the reverse of true. He affirmed in a recent letter that the intelligent and cultivated classes in America were not those which cherished any resentment toward England for her treacherous neutrality during the war. It is needless for me to contradict this, nor can I be sure that they may not have manifested to Mr. Hall the most Christian meekness of spirit. But when this good-natured apostle asserts, as he does in a lecture this week, that the party in England which sympathized with the rebels did so under a misapprehension, he is further than ever from the fact. The aristocratic faction which desired the success of the rebellion, understood perfectly well what it was about. The Tories knew that a break up in America would have given them a new lease of power, postponed Reform, and put back all over the world the progress of Democracy. From their point of view, they were right in their policy, though I think nothing can excuse the duplicity of their means, or the stupidity of a large part of the Liberals. To try now, as Mr. Hall does, to cover up the facts, and offer make-believe excuses, will prove of little avail in reaching a compromise, or of bringing on that era of mental good-will which Mr. Hall no doubt honestly desires. Let us be good-natured if we can, but above all things let us be honest."

The London *Star* says: "Lady Anna Gore Langton, wife of the member for West Somerset, daughter of the late Duke of Buckingham, and heiress presumptive to a peerage in her own right (that of the Earldom of Temple and Stowe), has signed a petition, praying that married women and widows, duly qualified as rate-payers, etc., might be admitted to the privilege of voting for members of Parliament. Petitions on the above subject have been signed by 13,497 persons. The movement is supported by persons of every variety of opinion and creed, viz: Lady Amberley, Sir George Bowyer, Mrs. Somerville, Sir Rowland Hill, The O'Donoghue, Mary Howitt, Lord Romilly, Lady Goldsmid, Rev. C. Kingsley, Sir J. Simpson, M. D. (who introduced chloroform to the world), Goldwin Smith, etc. Sir R. Palmer, Hon. G. Denman, Q. C., and other legal gentlemen have given it as their opinion that by the common law of England, women possessing the necessary property qualification are entitled to the suffrage. Mr. Chisholm Anstey proves from old parliamentary and legal records, that single women and widows in England, who were freeholders in counties and burgesses of boroughs, had anciently a right to vote for members of Parliament, and that they frequently exercised that right up to the time of the great civil wars. At the present day in Austria, in the Crown and hereditary lands of the empire, all females, if large landed proprietors, possess votes just the same as males. By the Swedish reform bill, passed in December, 1865, a widow or single woman of full age, if possessing more than £22 a year, can vote in the election of members of the Upper Chamber.

Miss Ellery, whose excellent reading added so much to the interest and pleasure of the Anti-Slavery Festival in Boston, has, we observe, recently been reading with gratifying success in Taunton, Amesbury, West Roxbury, Plymouth and other places in Mass. Of her reading in Boston the *Post* says: "Miss Josephine A. Ellery gave her second public readings in Chickering's Hall last evening to a fine audience. Her selection were as follows: The Paradise Bird, by Owen Meredith; the High Tide, by Jean Ingelow; Lady Geraldine's Courtship, by Mrs. Browning; the Volunteer's Wife, by M. A. Dennison; King Rene's Daughter, by Hon. Edmund Phipps. The several parts were such as to afford an opportunity for the exhibition of a varied style of elocution, no less than of entertainment to the audience. They were given with a care that showed study, preparation and a just conception of sentiment. Lady Geraldine's Courtship is a difficult piece to present to an audience effectively, but Miss Ellery met with good success. In the Volunteer's Wife she displayed a good appreciation of Irish humor, no less than of its character. We think she might read from Dickens with excellent effect. In the closing piece, the longest of the evening, she was very fine, and enlisted the close attention of her hearers to the end. The reading as a whole was one of the best of the season, and gave great satisfaction to those present. Miss Ellery makes a most agreeable impression on an audience, is graceful, possesses the repose of confidence, and has the additional advantages of good looks and commendable taste in dress."

Of Miss Ellery's reading in Plymouth the *Plymouth Rock* says:

"An intelligent and partial audience greeted Miss Ellery on Tuesday evening. Appreciative of her very presentable qualities as a well-bred and attractive young lady, the company was not difficult to please. But there was a delicacy of expression, purity of tone and animation to her splendid elocution that more than pleased. The rendering of such little gems as 'Golden Hair,' and those of similar stamp, went to the heart, and controlled the sympathies of the audience. Miss Ellery made a very excellent impression on her hearers both personally and professionally."

We shall hope sometime to have the pleasure of hearing Miss Ellery read in this city.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 18th, 1868.

WONDERS will never cease. Mr. Trumbull, of Illinois, has actually been induced to report the bill, or a substitute, which passed the House on the 19th of last December, correcting the blunder requiring in reconstruction that a majority of all the registered voters should act *pro* or *con* upon the new Constitutions. He tried to amend it, in every necessary way, but as usual with the circumlocution office located in his brain, has only made it inoperative in the direction aimed at.

The substituted bill requires that only a majority of those who actually vote shall ratify the Constitution.

It allows all to vote in the State who can produce a certificate of registration. Now, as in a majority of the ten States no registration certificates were issued, this provision would be a nullity. What ought to be done is to supply the various registration boards with copies of all the lists, and then allow a man who may have changed his residence to swear in his vote, it being established by reference to the lists on which he declared his name is entered. The bill will probably pass within a month, just after it is too late for use in Arkansas.

The question of admitting Alabama is being discussed. Mr. Bingham offers a joint resolution admitting the State. A Republican delegation is here now, urging that this be passed at once. They declare that there is an ample Radical majority in the State to hold the government for many years to come. The full registered vote is now believed to be about 172,000, of which they claim over 100,000 are in favor of the new Constitution, and would so vote, if all threats and fears were removed, and everybody voted as they thought proper. The vote cast, when they left, was 71,138, with 18 counties to hear from. These gave last October 10,000 votes for the Convention. They will not cast more than 6,500 at this poll. That would give us nearly 77,000 votes, leaving a deficiency of full 8,000. The causes of failure to get the vote are numerous, but the principal are—

The systematic oppression entered into by the rebels. Albert Griffin, the able editor of the Mobile *Nationalist*, states that at least 30,000 men were discharged because of their votes. Much more than that number are now destitute.

This affected the colored vote to the extent of 2,000. That vote, as registered last October, was over 92,000. The white loyal vote is estimated at about 25,000. Probably not 6,000 were cast. Men who did vote, risked their lives often, and always affected their material interests. Their names were taken down, and in some of the newspapers black lists were published.

The weather very greatly damaged our prospects. For several days before and during the first two days, a heavy storm of wind and rain prevailed. Roads and streams became impassable. Colored men were drowned in the attempt to get to the polls. Yet in spite of the inclemency, the negroes by the thousand camped out in the open air, and waited, wet, cold, and starving, to cast their ballot, which in the freeman hands should be mightier than the sword.

A fruitful cause of loss was the treachery and unfriendliness of the military. Gen. Hayden, who took Swayne's place, is openly charged by leading Republicans with having used his power to defeat the Constitution. For instance, there was no order that registers should not be nominated to office. In a large number of cases they were nominated to the local places. Just before the election Gen. Hayden quietly removed all these, and in every instance, it is charged, put either Northern Copperheads or Southern men of the Gov. Patton stripe in their place. As a consequence they purposely delayed voting, doing all that was possible to prevent a full vote.

The sheriffs of the various counties are rebels. They were charged with the protection of the polls. Their *posse comitatus*, in every instance, were ex-rebel soldiers, who, armed and drunken, kept the voters in momentary fear of their lives.

In a majority of the counties there was great irregularity about opening the polls. In some of the distant points, the freedmen were told the first two days that the election had been postponed for a week. They waited till night and then went home. After the rush was over, the third day, the polls would be opened. There is scarcely a county, not reached by telegraph, where the election was regularly held. On one day one box would be used, another day two, and the fifth perhaps three. In several large places, the voting was had only at the rate of two hundred and fifty per day, when one thousand ballots might easily have been taken. It is useless to go over the list, as the outrages are so numerous as to make the task of chronicling too onerous by far.

Yet, in face of these facts, there are Republicans who hesitate about giving the Alabama loyalists the protection of their justly-entitled-to-be-reorganized State government. There are stupid men in the world who would not hesitate to revive the rule of the Medes and Persians. Some of them are in Congress. They probably suppose themselves to possess all wisdom. The best proof is in the adoption and adherence to such a blunder as this.

Seriously, the purpose at its passage was a good one. It was put in really to check the possible danger of the rebel element getting into power under Congressional reconstruction.

The attempt of the President to bribe Sherman into adherence to his fortunes has "come to grief" most decidedly. Sherman repudiates, and Johnson in private declares that he is as as "big a liar" as Grant, having really agreed to accept the brevet and detail when here. If he did say so, he will hear from Sherman, and to more purpose than the Grant correspondence.

A strong movement is on foot to nominate Senator Wade as Vice-President. It seems to be deemed a foregone conclusion that Grant will receive the Republican nomination. If anything could make me accept that with decent grace, it would be the placing of Ben. Wade's name on the ticket. His ought to be the first name. The movement is formidable, and will be likely to prove successful.

The *Irish Republic* newspaper, of Chicago, ought to receive the support of all Radicals. It works heartily for the redemption of Irish nationality, more even, for the cultivation of that people, and with great earnestness for real liberty unto all men. Dr. Bell, an accomplished scholar, orator and writer, its principal editor, left here for New York yesterday. He ought to be heartily welcomed. The publication office is to be transferred there.

ARMODIUS.

THE Constitutional Convention of Florida, on the 7th inst., resolved itself into a nominating convention for State officers, and nominated Col. Liberty Billings for the Governor for the first term of four years, under the Reconstruction. The Governor has the appointing of the judiciary and the county officers, this being deemed necessary for the protection of the loyalists, black and white, in some of the Counties. Salary $5,000 per annum.

William U. Saunders, colored, was nominated for Lt. Governor; and J. C. Sibbi, colored, a graduate of Dartmouth College, for member of Congress.

The candidates are all radical, and will no doubt carry the State. The Constitution is finished, after considerable difficulty with the Conservative Republicans, seventeen of whom left in a body, including three colored.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, February 16th, 1868.

IF you in New York cherish the partisan feeling that exists in some quarters between that city and Boston, you may now add a new feather to your cap; for, it must be confessed, in spite of the long and vehement struggle that our "American Tract Society" has made to "cut out" your "American Tract Society"—I grieve to be obliged to use secular and commercial language in regard to such a reverend subject, but the street phrase above used precisely expresses the situation—in spite of all our efforts, I say, *we*, alas, are the party "cut out." The Boston Society, after separating from the New York Society in 1859 on the ground that the administration and policy of the latter were too corrupt to justify longer partnership, first tried to outstrip and overshadow the latter on the ground of superior righteousness, justice, high principle; then, failing in that, they tried for years to maintain the ground of equality, claiming, and trying to fill, a *national* position, like that of the New York Society; now, having failed in that also, they have humbly begged for a mutual arrangement, proffering, in successive years, more and more humiliating terms of surrender, until at last *your* Society, which had superbly maintained its coolness and dignity all the time, consents to grant ours certain favors on condition of the latter henceforth ranking itself as No. 2, and so Boston goes under.

The fact is, the actual administrators of our Boston Society are *young* men, comparatively speaking. They entered with great vigor upon the business of wire-pulling, and really expected to succeed; but, bless you, they stood no chance with your keen old heads in the New York Tract House. Ever since we lost our Ahithophel, in the person of Rev. Dr. Seth Bliss, we have had no luck in strategic movemements. To be sure, we have done a good business, raised a good deal of money, and considerably enlarged our operations; but Mordecai the Jew still sat in the king's gate; the New York Society grew still faster, raised more money than we, and enlarged their operations more; and, worst of all, their agents "cut out" ours, even among our own New England people, gaining back for their treasury many that we had thought secured for ours, presenting the language and the aspect of piety in a way even more convincing than ours, keeping up a successful rivalry against us in every church in New England, and causing us so much bother and vexation that, with the prospect of always playing a losing game until we did give in, it was thought that the leadings of Providence clearly pointed to a surrender *now*. The deed was done last Wednesday forenoon, in the "Old South Chapel."

There seemed little interest felt in the matter by the community, or even by the churches, for the little chapel was not half filled. The special business was to hear and act upon a report from a Committee of twenty-five, who had had it in charge to obtain as favorable terms as possible from the National Society. This Committee were three-quarters of an hour late, and, it being thought best to fill up the time by some devotional exercises, the Chairman of the Executive Committee gave out a hymn to be sung, which very appropriately contained this line—

"In vain we tune our formal songs."

When, at length, a sub-committee appeared to report on the business in question, the main propositions were found to be the following:—

1. That the Society at Boston withdraw all its agents from the field; discontinue all personal or other appeals for funds either to churches or ecclesiastical bodies in New England or elsewhere; and that its existence be continued distinctively as a publishing corporation.

2. That the Society at New York occupy the field thus relinquished.

It was rather a hard case for Rev. Dr. Dexter, secretary and spokesman of the sub-committee, to have to present and advocate this report, since he acknowledged that he had been a prominent agent ten years ago, in effecting the rupture which he now wishes to heal; but he went through the business with as little blushing as could reasonably be expected.

It was rather hard for him too—considering that the alleged ground of separation had been the vicious policy and corrupt conduct of the New York administration, and that that body have held precisely the same ground ever since—to allege plausible reasons for renewing an alliance; but he marched bravely up to this difficulty also, and said, without stammering, that the union proposed, on the terms proposed, would be favorable, first to "the cause of Christ," and next to the best interests of the Boston Society.

It was not a little amusing to hear Dr. Dexter's unconscious display, in the very act of making his own apology and defence, of the manner in which he had been "taken in and done for" by the keen old heads of the New York Committee. They had taken a leaf out of Solomon's book ("It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer," and had actually persuaded him *that they thought* they were making a losing bargain. Not Rothschild or Metternich could have done better. While demanding inflexibly that they should have, and that the Boston Society should *not* have, the right to send out Agents, they actually made Dr. Dexter believe that they thought the agency business of very doubtful expediency. And the good man gravely presented this to his constituents as a part of his case.

The New York Secretaries "had him" also in another tender spot, which he proceeded innocently to unveil. They had asked for more than would be given, obviously on purpose to have something to concede and compromise, and thus to meet their dear brethren half-way. So Dr. Dexter told minutely what a stand he had made against relinquishing the *name* of the Society, which the opposite party very strongly urged. Oh, no! he would never consent to that! So the Boston Society, like the unworthy church in Sardis, has yet "a name to live," and bears, by its act of incorporation, the very same title as the National Society in New York, though the latter alone is now empowered to send out Agents, and issue direct appeals for aid to churches and ecclesiastical bodies.

Several members made decided and persistent opposition to the change proposed. Even Dr. Dexter felt obliged to admit, in regard to the Committee, that "Some of us have little doubt still whether it is safe to put the whole thing into the hands of the New York Executive Committee." One said the New England type of piety would not be fairly represented by the new arrangement, and that to relinquish the right of sending out agents was backing down from the position that this Society ought to hold. Another thought it very important to preserve such *integrity* in their proceedings as the Boston Society [presumably in contrast with the other] had always shown.

Rev. Dr. Gardner of Charlestown was opposed to the resolutions. He saw a prospect of constant friction between the paper messengers of this Society [begging circulars, with which Dr. Dexter had said that they could flood the country] and the living messengers of the other.

Rev. Mr. Bascom of Illinois said that to unite the two Societies would be like putting new wine into old bottles.

Rev. Dr. Kirk, who is always mindful to secure loop-holes for retreat, asked if they could honorably withdraw, in case the plan proved not to work well. On being answered affirmatively, he said no more.

(I remember distinctly that, at the separation in 1859, Dr. Kirk began by taking the side of the New York Society; but as soon as he found the majority of the other persuasion, he turned to them, and was thenceforth prominent among them.)

Mr. Savage thought that the plan proposed would cripple the operations of this Society in the West, and would curtail the supply of *Christian* literature there. He felt sure also that the differing action of the two Societies would give rise to hard feeling and troublesome conflicts.

Rev. Mr. Olmstead, of the (Baptist) *Christian Watchman and Reflector*, moved to lay the whole matter on the table.

Rev. Dorus Clark said delay would be much better than making a serious mistake. He thought a large majority of Western Christians would object to the action proposed by the resolutions.

Rev. Mr. Bascom said that he should vote to lay on the table. If these resolutions are adopted, the West will feel "sold out" to the New York Society, and sold very cheap, too. The supplies from the West will cease. We can't forget in this generation (said he) some things that have been done by the New York Society.

Rev. Mr. Bullard, of Connecticut, was amazed at the hopefulness of the Committee. The movement proposed would be tying the hands of the Boston Society. They left the New York Society because it had become apostate from God and the truth. If you unite with New York, he said, you cannot publish one line about the truths needed to-day. They have never changed one iota from their former shameful position. Why should we withdraw and give them the field for collecting agencies? There are many of the churches of our land to whom the agents of the New York Society will not be acceptable.

The remarks which I have here noted were interspersed with advocacy of the resolutions by others; and when the question was taken, after a prolonged session, a large majority supported the resolutions, established the Union, and reduced the Boston Society to a secondary position.

Mr. Bullard was the only man who had the courage to declare manfully the real state of the case, though shrewd *hints* to the same effect had been made by several speakers.

Do you remember that when peace was made, after our war of 1812 with Great Britain, the treaty of peace made no reference whatever to the objects for which the war had been declared? The evils of war itself so much overbalanced the evils for which the war was declared, that the latter were ignored, by common consent, when the new treaty was made. It was a sensible and judicious course in that case, because the matters originally complained of were no sufficient cause for war. But in the case of the two Tract Societies, the nature of the reason alleged for separation should have absolutely and forever prevented *such* a union as has now been formed. The Boston Society, pretending to be actuated by Christian principles, gave as their reason for separation in 1859, that the New York Society was proved guilty, not only of many mean, vicious, and disgraceful acts, but of persistence in a corrupt and unchristian course of policy. The New York Society have remained, and plainly *appear* to have remained, and impudently *boast* that they have remained, in precisely the same position. If Christian principle formerly *obliged* the Boston Society to withdraw, what principle is it that now allows them to return, and to beg permission to return. *How* will such a return benefit "the cause of Christ?" Is not such mention of the cause of Christ, by such men, in such circumstances, rather worse than ordinary profane swearing?

NORTH.

"WAITING FOR THE VERDICT."

To the Editor of the Standard:

A FAVORABLE criticism on "Waiting for the Verdict," in THE STANDARD of the 25th, induced me to read the book. "A very delicate comprehension of the colored race is shown in these pages," the critic says. And as I belong to that race—if, as I suppose is meant, the possession of African blood (not Indian, or East Indian) entitles me to belong to it—I naturally felt a desire to judge for myself *how* delicately comprehended we are in Mrs. Davis's book. I had read but a few pages when I said to myself, "How plain it is to see that she who wrote this book, despite her rare strength of mind, has not outgrown the prejudice against the outcast race." One feels this in almost every line. Ross Burley, the child of nine years, represented as singularly noble, sweet and generous, shrinks with instinctive repugnance from the mulatto boy Sap. "The dirty, yellow skin of the mulatto made her sick, she was sure; it was the same as if a toad or snake had stood upright, to see his grimaces and monkey tricks of delight at being kindly spoken to. She wished he was dead, and out of the way on the boat, and was sure that if she had been a boy she would have thrown the yellow, grinning thing into the water." Does it not seem that the child's repugnance is to be understood as *instinctive?*—an *intuitive* shrinking from a "yellow skin?" I can but think so. I would not do the author injustice; but it seems hardly possible to overstate her belief in the importance of "blood." "Anglo-Saxon blood," "negro blood," "the Burley blood," "the Randolph blood"—such expressions abound throughout the book, and one cannot help feeling that the author needs gently to be reminded that "God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth."

It is this idea, which, it seems to me, pervades the book—that the prejudice against color is instinctive in and natural to the whites—against which I wish to protest. An ordinary child, taught from its cradle to despise the negro, as the majority of American children are, would doubtless shrink from a "yellow skin." But Ross Burley is an exceptional case, represented as naturally noble, as I said before, and trained by an old grandfather whose own sad experience had taught him not to attach too much importance to blood. "Blood don't weigh so much with me as with other folks—blood don't," he says. "Don't you ketch them notions, Rossline." Surely a Southern woman must know that Southern children, in the old slave days, did not shrink from the colored nurses in whose arms they slept, and from whom, often, their life drew its nourishment. They felt no disgust for yellow, brown or black skins. Is not this a proof that the prejudice against color is not intuitive, not natural to the whites, but artificial, the result of false education merely? We are not willing that Mrs. Davis should do such injustice to Ross Burley, the sweetest and healthiest of her own creations. Indeed, this matter would seem too plain for argument did we not know how many there are—including our gifted author—who entertain wrong and harmful ideas in regard to it.

Doubtless Mrs. Davis has not drawn too strong a picture of the deep degradation into which slavery plunged the slave. But I think her wrong in her painful supposition that its effects will be so lasting. Already these new-born freemen have made such wonderful progress, one is filled with bright hopes for their future. I wish she had dwelt a little more on the equal if not deeper degradation into which the whites of the South were plunged. One cannot help thinking that there underlies what she has written a little feeling that the "Anglo-Saxon blood" is not capable of quite so deep a depth of degradation as the "negro blood." But the testimony of "a cloud of witnesses," not all, by any means, enthusiastic, who have come in contact with the poor whites, abundantly disproves this; not to speak of what we know of the effects of slavery upon the rich and educated classes. "I don't know why it is," said a freedmen's teacher to me, a few days ago; but, in my experience, the poor whites, as a class, don't seem to care so much about improving themselves as the negroes do." "I will be modest," I said, and not "attribute it to the superiority of the African blood. No doubt one reason is that they have been more isolated, have come less in contact with people of intelligence and education." But, surely, if the Saxon blood is so vastly superior, why does it not easily overleap these disadvantages? I remember, too, that on the Sea Islands, where there was the very lowest class of slaves, we found this great desire for improvement, and the capacity for it. A teacher in South Carolina writes us of one boy, obliged to leave school to go to work, who walks nineteen miles every Saturday to recite to her, and back again on Sunday; and in many of the States young men and women, slaves before the war, and who have learned all they know of books since, are teaching their more ignorant brethren with great success.

But to return to Mrs. Davis's book. Dr. Broderip, a mulatto, born a slave, would be an intensely painful character could one conceive of his possibility. To me he is simply impossible. We can understand that his life must have been an unhappy one, knowing as he did that those who claimed to be his friends, and eagerly courted the rich and gifted young physician, would cast him off utterly were his origin known. This secret would naturally hang like a dark cloud over the whole life of one who cared so much for society; but that a man of his talent, education and surroundings, should be constantly crushed and haunted by the sense of an inferiority which did not really exist, is perfectly unnatural, and proves plainly to my mind that the author has not shown a "delicate comprehension of the colored race." In his interview with Markle, even after he had shown the truest nobility and manliness, although "he knew at a glance the difference in power in himself and his rival, yet a defeated, shrunken look came slowly into his countenance and over his whole figure as he looked. He was but a mulatto before Markle; he cowed before the white skin and Saxon features of the man. Poor weapons, perhaps, but with them his whole life had wasted, soul and body hewed to the ground." A man fully conscious, as Dr. Broderip was, of his own superiority, his own manliness, is not "cowed" before a white skin, even if his own be black. Imagine Frederick Douglass (and he was a slave until manhood) cringing before a man because his skin is white! One would think it natural enough in a slave, without opportunity, with the weight of years of degradation upon him. It is not natural in a man like Dr. Broderip, to whom God has given great talent, who has had years of finest European culture, and intercourse on equal terms with the most cultivated and intellectual people. We are told that there were but few drops of any other man's "fastidious white blood" in his veins. Are we to understand that the few drops of African blood so poisoned him that he could not quite throw off the feeling of great inferiority, "slump off the animal," as he expresses it? Or is it that the effect of slavery is so crushing, that no one who is born to that inheritance, despite talent, culture, and favorable circumstances, can attain to true self-esteem, not even if he have a large proportion of the magical "Anglo-Saxon blood?" Surely, if this be so, the less that is said about the virtue of "blood," the better. It is a consolation to know that weak and even despicable as Dr. Broderip appears, in some aspects, he has a truer sense of honor and greater moral courage than the inheritor of the haughty "Randolph blood," who cruelly deceives a poor old negro to prevent his making revelations discreditable to the illustrious family name.

But, upon a young person possessing the sorrow-laden inheritance of African blood, striving earnestly to break through the trammels which surround him at every step, to rise above and live down prejudice—feeling deeply, yet too young to reason strongly—I can imagine that this book, and especially that part of it which relates to Dr. Broderip, might have a most painful and discouraging effect. It might make his lot immeasurably harder to bear, his hope for the future deplorably less. To those of us who are older, who have lived through the fierce, passionate, despairing struggle which sometimes seemed so unendurable to our suffering hearts, it is easier to philosophize; and, better still, to trust in the Divine Goodness; to say to ourselves and to our fellow sufferers, when we feel our faith growing weak,

"Bear up, bear on; the end shall tell,
The dear Lord ordereth all things well."

The author does not hesitate to take up the vexed question of intermarriage—that bugbear with which the enemies of the colored man are wont to terrify his timid friends. Margaret Conrad, "self-reliant," "composed," "cold," "undemonstrative," is loved by Dr. Broderip, whose origin she does not know, returns his affection with, as we at first suppposed, all the depth of a very strong nature. It proves in the end that she loved him as much as she was capable of loving; but not enough to be true to him, as even a seemingly weaker woman might have been, when he tells her the secret of his birth. She casts him off, as he had felt sure she would, when the long struggle should be ended and the truth told. "We all have some cross of circumstance to bear," she tells him; "you shouldered yours bravely. It was a man's action—a man's—and I honor it. But the gulf between us is one which God never intended to be crossed. The prejudice against the black blood seems senseless to you, Dr. Broderip, but I would have to let my own out, drop by drop, before I could eradicate it. It is a thing which will exist while the two races endure. I cannot fight against nature." Which speech of Miss Conrad's is as absurd as it is cruel. If God had placed the gulf between them, if this prejudice is in every drop of her blood, how can she have grown to love this man? Would she not have shrunk *instinctively* from him? Is God so cruel as to bind two hearts together by the strong tie of mutual love, when He—not outward circumstances, not man's prejudices, but He—has placed an impassable gulf between them, which renders marriage impossible? I do not care to dwell upon this point, which seems so clear, and should not have touched it, were it not that many who claim to be friends of the colored man shrink with horror from the thought of intermarriage, and other just such fallacies as Miss Conrad's—or shall I say Mrs. Davis's? This is a matter which will settle itself, however, and as long as God allows people to love each other, although the color of their skins be different, they will not readily believe that God has placed an impassable "gulf" between.

Margaret suffers deeply for her heartless desertion of the man who loves her; but we do not feel sure that, as your critic says, she "discovers her mistake." She teaches the lowest of the poor colored children of Philadelphia, as a kind of penance it is true; but one cannot help thinking that if she had to decide again, her decision would be the same. Her father partly acknowledges this when he is asked, "If Broderip came to her now, after all that he has done?" "It would avail nothing. The negro blood is between them. And yet." We are left with this doubt.

Dr. Broderip bears himself bravely, joins a colored regiment, and dies gloriously in the fight—not for his race (since he was almost wholly Anglo-Saxon), but, which is nobler, for an oppressed and wronged people, no matter what their race, or color, or variety of colors.

There are many things in this book which will do good; many touching descriptions of the sufferings of the slaves, as they struggled into freedom, and a just acknowledgment of the services rendered the Northern soldiers. In some respects it is a noble work, and I have not willingly said a word in its dispraise; but I felt impelled to criticise some things which seemed to me calculated rather to strengthen than to lessen the prejudice against color; and this, mainly because the author claims to have written it "in behalf of the weak and wronged among God's creatures," as I believe she sincerely meant it. But it does not befit the *Radical* friends or the negro to give it unqualified praise, or to claim for it equal merit with "Uncle Tom's Cabin." We cannot help contrasting the spirit of caste which appears throughout the book, with the broad, loving humanity breathing from Mrs. Child's "Romance of the Republic."

Before we commend a book without qualification, we need to feel sure that its helpfulness to the class it is written to befriend is umixed with hindrance.

C. L. F.

Boston, February 12, 1868.

MISS DICKINSON IN IOWA.

LETTER FROM REV. JOHN BOGGS.

OTTUMWA, IOWA, Feb. 11, 1868.

DEAR STANDARD: Our enterprising young city was all on the *qui vive* yesterday for the arrival of MISS ANNA E. DICKINSON, who was advertised to lecture in the spacious new hall of Taylor & Blake. She arrived as expected on the Des Moines train, and put up at the Ballengall House, also a new institution in our city, and one which will compare favorably with the best hotels in other cities. At night she delivered her lecture, "Breakers Ahead," to the largest audience ever convened in the city, comprising the intelligence and respectability of the place.

The lecture was listened to with the most profound attention, and the more radical portions of it called forth enthusiastic applause. As a *looking-glass* for the office-loving Republicans here it will no doubt do good. She showed clearly that the great want of that party was a *Principle*, without which it could not, and ought not to maintain its present authority in the country. She emphasised the meanness of the Northern States in refusing the franchise to the colored man after he had used the bullet in defence of our common country. Indeed, the whole lecture was a grand exposé of the unchristian prejudice which has given color to all our State and National legislation in reference to that class of our citizens who have more or less African blood in their veins.

Much prejudice was no doubt removed both with regard to the colored man and *female* lecturers. The speaker was a living demonstration that at least *one* woman was in her place upon the platform. But, as in all other places, the most prejudiced, those who stood in the greatest need of such a lecture, staid away. They *choose* darkness rather than light, and consequently are in no danger of having their prejudices removed.

Gen. Grant was not mentioned in the lecture, and only once alluded to, owing, I presume, to his recent correspondence with Andrew II. She showed, however, that the simple fact of his being a soldier did not qualify him for the standard-bearer of a party pledged to carry forward equal rights and even-handed justice to all classes of the American people. If, as is indicated, he places himself unmistakably upon the great platform of universal liberty, and can remove all reasonable doubts in regard to his moral character, he will certainly be acceptable to all the loyal citizens of Iowa. The better class of voters want a strictly temperate man, and one who has a principle that will govern his action in whatever emergency may arise.

As far as heard from, Miss Dickinson's lecturing tour through our State has been a decided success. At Des Moines her reception was truly flattering. The *Register* of that city says:

"Not only was the house filled to its utmost capacity, but many persons came to the door who could not obtain admittance room. This spontaneous greeting at the capital of Iowa, the finest compliment which the city has ever paid to any lecturer, man or woman, shows two things, viz: Miss Dickinson's popularity, and an intense interest in the cause she so eloquently, boldly, and untiringly advocates. * * From the word which broke the silence, to the closing one of the brilliant peroration, the speaker held her hearers in a sympathy which must have inspired as well as complimented her. * * Take it all in all, however, the voice of Anna Dickinson is one of the finest, grandest ones in the choir of God's creation."

There has never been a time when such lectures were more needed than the present. The people need the light of truth to shine upon their hearts, that their wicked prejudices may be removed, and their selfishness crucified upon the altar of justice and humanity.

The love of party must give place to the love of righteousness, if the perpetuity of our republican form of government is maintained. However little, politics religion may be able to get along with, it is evident that our national politics needs a very large infusion of the Christian religion to make it sufficiently pure to save the country from ruin, and secure to the people their just rights. The pulpit, therefore, cannot remain silent on the great theme of

"Man's inhumanity to man,"

without great dereliction of duty; but if, in the future as in the past, it does continue dumb, the *platform* must do the work. Competent lecturers should visit all parts of the country, and place the truth fairly before the minds of the people. While speakers of world-wide renown, like the one who has just addressed our citizens, are needed in the great commercial centres and the more peopled cities and towns, to draw out a class of people who otherwise would not attend, persons of less celebrity can accomplish the same work just as effectually in other places.

Now that we have, through the enterprise of Messrs. Taylor & Blake, perhaps the most commodious hall west of the Mississippi river, it is the purpose of the citizens to organize a "Lecture Association," so as to secure a regular succession of speakers during the next lecture season. The citizens will sustain the best talent the country can afford, as the result of last night's experiment gives indubitable evidence.

May Miss Dickinson (and all others engaged in the same noble cause), ever receive the blessing of Heaven. May their labors be crowned with success. May cruelty and oppression hide their deformed heads, and even-handed justice triumph throughout the whole land. May mankind be judged by their *actions*, and not by the color of their skins.

JOHN BOGGS.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

FATHER in heaven! to Thee I owe
All the blessings which my days have crowned;
My parents kind Thou didst bestow,
And dearer children never found.
My brothers and my sisters too,
Thy goodness to my heart hath given;
To Thee, O may we all be true,
And find in love our path to heaven!

THE SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY.

WE have received the following, with a remittance enclosed, since our last issue, which contained the Festival Report:

24 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, Feb. 15, 1868.

DEAR SIR: Though I have never identified myself with the Anti-Slavery Society in this country, or shared any of its burdens, for which I can offer no excuse, I have always been, and I say it not to boast, a practical Abolitionist, even when it was not so fashionable as at present. I do not pretend to any especial love for a man because he is *black*; but I have a love for justice and right, and therefore I am a lover of the black race. As a youth I attended all the great Anti-Slavery meetings at Exeter Hall, London, and have never forgotten the stirring eloquence of Lord Brougham or the declamatory appeals of Daniel O'Connell. Would that the Irishmen of this country could now hear the burning words of their great leader, and following his example, prove the sincerity of their desire for human justice, by joining hands with those who are trying to extend it all over this continent.

I believe the time has come when all should make a *public* profession of their principles, when indifference should be stigmatized as a crime, and I therefore inclose you $10.00 as my contribution towards the Thirty-fourth Subscription Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

Very truly yours, E. L. MITCHELL.

THE SUBSCRIPTION FESTIVAL.

IN the Festival Report, published last week, Mrs. Dio Lewis should have been accredited with a donation of $10.00. Also Joseph and Mary W. Post, of North Hempstead, Long Island, $25. Additional donations received:

E. L. Mitchell,	$10 00
Charles Richardson,	5 00
Mrs. Lucy Brooks, Richmond, Va.	1 00
Edgar Ketchum, Esq.	10 00

OBITUARY.

MRS. N. C. DENNETT.

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA, Feb. 4, 1868.

REV. S. S. JOCELYN—*Dear Sir:* I have heard MRS. N. C. DENNETT speak of you so many times, that I feel already as if I knew you; and as one of the teachers, a co-laborer with her in this work, count it great pleasure, though a sad one, to write to you, more especially of the tribute of affection our people paid her. I must tell you, however, that the first I knew of Mrs. Dennett was when she came here as a bride; I was quite ill, and just as soon as she could get out, she came around, medicine-case in hand, to help me.

I can never forget her kindness, and when in the Spring I was very sick, every day she came and sat by my bed, always considerate, tender and bright. After the weariness of a day's labor in school there was no place I so loved to go as into her room, always finding her cheerful up to the day she was taken sick. Now our circle is broken, and the house can never be the same to us it has been.

If you could have seen how the people honored her, you would feel more than ever she had not lived in vain. The day was bright, and for an hour before the funeral the people began to gather, so that when we went from here to the Presbyterian Church the streets were lined, and they followed us, meeting another large company there. The church, where she had stood so many times to teach those who now wept, was filled with friends when we reached it, and the colored people crowded the aisles and gallery; *for once* there was no distinction, and more than half stood patiently in the street while the Rev. Mr. Swain preached a small sermon from the text "To die is gain." After the sermon the invitation for the people to look at the remains was given. Then was there the most solemn, touching scene I ever witnessed. Slowly and silently that immense crowd filed one by one past the coffin, taking their last look—old gray-headed men, some on crutches, little children with their mothers, strong men who had been taught by her how to read—indeed the whole people "did her honor."

The people who had by her words, her influence been lifted up towards the truth, now rose up and called her blessed. This large concourse of at least fifteen hundred people followed her to her last resting place. As far as I could see this long procession stretched, only a mass of heads moving slowly to the cemetery. It was near the sunset hour when we laid her beside her sweet little babe we buried just the week before; and I could not help thinking as we turned away, with the last rays of the sun falling across the new-made grave, how just as clearly and sweetly as the sun went down that evening her sun sank out of the natural sight. But the long twilight of her lovely life will linger to cheer not only her friends, *but the fallen, the oppressed, the struggling.* Oh, if I with her shall hear at the last day the dear Saviour saying, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me," it will be enough.

I must tell you, what I forgot before, how the children came laden with flowers, wreaths and evergreens to put around her; and when during the day many of them were coming to see her, I saw standing at the door one of our most troublesome boys, I asked him in, and with hat in hand, his ragged coat sleeve dangling where the other arm ought to be, his black face as sad and tender as could be, he came softly in and stood by her a long time steadily looking at her changed face, then turned and went as softly out. I believe as in her life she was always doing good, her influence will still work among our people.

With the hope that these lines may add to your comfort, and heart-felt sympathy for yourself and family far away, I remain,

Very truly yours,

MAGGIE E. STATTON.

ELIZABETH LE B. WRIGHT.

DIED, in Philadelphia, January 7th, 1868, ELIZABETH LE B. WRIGHT, formerly of Newburyport, Mass.

On to the beauty of the Summer Land,
From the worn casket did she pass away;
Surrounded by a bright angelic band,
Her spirit parted from its useless clay.
The clouds rolled back, the further shore appeared,
Its banks all blooming with celestial flowers;
She crossed; she landed; all that she had feared
Fled like the shadows after Summer showers.

THE FEMALE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE annual meeting of the Female Anti-Slavery Society took place yesterday afternoon, at the hall, on Race street, above Seventh. In the absence of Mrs. Lucretia Mott, the President, Mrs. Sydney N. Lewis, presided. Mrs. G. M. Jones acted as Secretary. The report of the Treasurer, which shows the Society to be in a flourishing condition financially, was read. Mrs. Jones then read the Annual Report, which was an ably written document. It announces the regret of the Society at the inability of both the XXXIXth and XLth Congress, to guarantee a Republican form of government to all the States, and it condemned Congress for its failure to pass the impeachment question. It rejoiced in the enactment by the Legislature of a law by which colored persons are allowed to ride in the passenger railway cars. It opposed the nomination of Gen. Grant by the Republican party as its candidate for the Presidency, stating that it did not believe in the nomination of any gentleman merely for availibility's sake, or of one whose principles on the great questions of the day are unknown. It then announces that since the last meeting of the Society, a new paper, called the *Morning Post*, had made its appearance in this city, a paper that had rendered noble and valiant service in the cause of human liberty and justice. The report declared the *Post* to have been the only paper in the country which from its start had espoused that cause, and urged upon the community generally the propriety of lending its support to this paper. It also alludes in a feeling and appropriate manner to the death of James Mott, which occurred a few months since. The report concluded by presenting a memorial to Congress, urging upon that body the necessity of the passage of a law by which the right of suffrage would be granted to all men, irrespective of color, race or condition. The report was then adopted, and one thousand copies were ordered to be printed for distribution throughout the South. On motion, a donation of one hundred dollars was made to the ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD. An election for officers resulted in the choice of the old officers.—*Philadelphia Morning Post.*

SHOOTING NIAGARA; AND AFTER.

BY REV. BERIAH GREEN.

NO. VI.

IN one brief word, which includes whatever of palpable incredibility and delirious absurdity, universally believed, can be uttered or imagined, on these points, "the equality of men," any man equal to any other; "Quashee Nigger to Socrates or Shakspeare, Judas Iscariot to Jesus Christ, and Bedlam and Gehenna to the New Jerusalem."

In this utterance, Mr. Carlyle lays a fair claim to the sympathy and co-operation of I know not how many political philosophers in this country. At the head of the list the names of John C. Calhoun and Rufus Choate, each marked with a star, may, perhaps, be fitly placed. They reject the doctrine of human equality, asserted in the *Declaration* as self-evident, as in conflict with the facts urged on observation and recorded in history; a wide variety, these acute observers and comprehensive thinkers affirm; a wide variety obtains among men, corporeally, intellectually—in whatever may characterize human nature! And so Thomas Jefferson, and Samuel and John Adams, and Benjamin Franklin, and John Witherspoon, and Benjamin Rush and their fellows were not aware, that in bodily strength and mental power all men were not *incidentally* exactly alike. According to Calhoun and Choate and Carlyle, and the sharp-sighted, far-seeing, discriminating Worthies, whom they represent, the Declaration proclaims as "self-evident" what is grossly, palpably, even obtrusively false and absurd. A sober inquirer will think at least twice before he yields his assent to any such representation of the signers of the grand old Declaration. Thomas Jefferson and his companions in what they affirm were occupied with the ESSENTIAL; Calhoun, Choate and Carlyle, in their very small criticisms, with the INCIDENTAL.

Of the existence and constitution of all men, human nature is the basis. Of this, essentially and organically, they are all partakers. They are thus united as brothers and sisters—thus constitute a family. The term *man* comprehensively and generically, describes them all in common, whoever, wherever, whatever they may respectively be found. They constitute a unity, of which each is characteristically a representative. This he is through the organism by which *mankind* as such is distinguished. For we are here wholly occupied with the *work of the Creator*; and not at all with any uses or abuses of powers and privileges which may mark the course of any class or individual in forming a character. The constructive laws, which assert their authority over any one man, urge their demands on all his brethren. To these laws they are all in common in the legitimate exercise of choice, capable of obedience. They may all in the same way gain access to their common Father, who, without the least partiality regards them all paternally. His royal love urges them all alike to appropriate the prerogatives and privileges of citizenship in His kingdom, and most warmly welcomes them to the full and free enjoyment of all the inestimable benefits which their common relations to Him involve. In these respects, altogether vital—as *essential* as the very elements of their being—*they as mankind* occupy common ground.

And common ground they occupy in their mutual relations to, and claims upon each other. They are the human family. They are all brethren. They constitute a unity. They have all, individually and collectively, an inherent, inalienable right to the legitimate exercise of all their powers, to the natural enjoyment of all the privileges which distinguish the household to which they all in common belong. Thus they all are entitled and bound one as much as another, to make the most, each under his own name and in his own chosen field of activity, of the existence with which they are endowed, to rise to the loftiest heights of excellence, usefulness and dignity in the broad and fertile sphere of possibility. And in these efforts, intensely and sublimely natural, they are all in common divinely encouraged and required to cheer and aid each other. Such immunities and obligations inhere altogether essentially in the nature which they in common have inherited.

All men are one in *kind*, hence they are fitly described as *mankind*. Thus they are to be regarded and represented *essentially*. But in their original endowments, a wide variety *in degree* obtains. The corporeal strength or the intellectual power of one may exceed that of another. All the various elements of human nature may by different individuals be inherited in various measures. They are to serve each other and thus the common Father each "according to his ability," thus contributing all proportionally to a common result. Stars of all magnitudes are equal to each other in the common right and privilege of affording each his proper share of the light, which makes the firmament so glorious. Whatever incidental differences may be observed, they are essentially stars.

"Quashee nigger," Mr. Carlyle himself describes as a "man and a brother." Was Socrates or Shakspeare other than a "man and a brother?" Had not Quashee the same right as Socrates to study and obey the laws of their common human nature; the same right to rise to the loftiest heights possible for him in wisdom, magnanimity and power? Were not he and Socrates brothers, mutually bound to treat each other fraternally, to contribute what they could to each other's usefulness, dignity, happiness? Socrates would have sunk to the level of Thomas Carlyle if he had denied the personality of Quashee and attempted to reduce him to a chattel. This he could not even propose to do, without meanly and murderously invading the rights of humanity. Judas had an inalienable right, was under the strongest obligation so to be and to act and to enjoy as would bring him into the closest fellowship with Jesus Christ, as would render him Christlike to the full extent of his powers and resources. No higher prerogative, no richer privilege had the Christ himself. Thus were they essentially equal as members of the human family, each to be in the highest degree possible for him a MAN.

LITERARY.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED NETHERLANDS, from the Death of William the Silent to the Twelve Years' Truce, 1809. By John Lothrop Motley. In 4 vols. Portraits. Cloth. Vols. 3 and 4. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The concluding volumes of the "History of the United Netherlands" fully sustain the reputation of Mr. Motley as a great historian. They attest the same diligent research; they exhibit the same excellent quality of discrimination, and the same inimitable style runs through all the easy flow of narrative.

The period of time to which the work is devoted, in the vividness of description, arises and sweeps before the reader with all the distinctness and impressiveness of reality. He finds himself transported to the very midst of the scenes depicted; he becomes, for the time being, the cotemporary of its actors; all the characters in the animated page, "live and move and have their being," as though they had been evoked by magic from the graves where they had slumbered for more than two and a half centuries.

Indeed, it is the charm of Mr. Motley's page that his characters are no mere lay-figures. Not pope and emperor alone, prince or noble, stand forth at his bidding; but the lower ranks of life, passed over by the ordinary chronicler, are clearly revealed, furnishing pictures which, for color, no historian save Macaulay has presented. Taking into consideration all the requisites, we cannot but regard Mr. Motley as by far the best of American historians. Bancroft is earnest, but his style is florid, partaking too much of the *wordy*; Hildreth, although upright, is dry, sharp, and his history is not unlike him; Prescott is scholarly, polished, and fluent, but cold and lacking in imagination; but Mr. Motley, with marvellous clearness, has imagination, vividness—all the several requisites for the complete historian.

The theme—the little republic that defied and conquered Spain—is one abounding with interest, as furnishing a curious collection of parallels with our own history, and no library can be quite complete without Mr. Motley's truly admirable work.

W. P. T.

The Friend for February contains a second article of much interest from the pen of Mrs. Dall, upon "Egypt's Place in Universal History;" a lecture entitled "Theodore Parker" by the Rev. John W. Chadwick; an article upon "Lessing's, Nathan the Wise," by Mrs. Alice Loines Bunker; "Married," by Mrs. Caroline F. Corbin, with other interesting matter.

Mr. Chadwick's lecture is one of the best tributes yet rendered to the memory of Mr. Parker. It is as creditable to the moral courage and insight of the author as it is truthful in its outline of Mr. Parker's character.

"Married" is the first instalment of a new story upon the Social Question, to appear in successive numbers of *The Friend*, from the pen of the author of "A Woman's Secret." It is well calculated to awaken the interest of the reader at the outset, and is likely to be a valuable addition to *The Friend* for the current year. We regard Mrs. Corbin, since reading "A Woman's Secret," as one of the most competent of our present writers to deal radically and judiciously with the important social problem which has thoroughly enlisted her heart and pen.

The Friend is published monthly at $2 00 per year. New York: 131 William street.

"EGYPT'S PLACE IN HISTORY."

BOSTON, February 17, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

I have consented to print in a pamphlet the seven articles on "Bunsen's Egypt," which, with more or less misprinting, have been floating about in the pages of various periodicals. This is done to supply a certain information to clergymen and Biblical students at a small expense. A subscription of $250 will be necessary to this end. Contributions towards it will be received after this date by Messrs. Lee & Shepard, Publishers, Boston, or by myself, at 141 Warren Avenue, Boston. Details may be found in the *Christian Register* of this week, and you will do me a favor by inserting this notice.

CAROLINE H. DALL.

James E. Murdoch closed, in this city, on the 14th inst., at Steinway Hall, a series of "Readings," comprising, in the course, selections from Shakspeare, Scott, Dickens, and many well-known trans-Atlantic and American writers. Mr. Murdoch possesses elocutionary abilities of a superior order, is one of the most conscientious and painstaking of students, and the entertainments—ranging over the varied field of literature, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe"—were a treat to all refined tastes.

RECEIVED.

A SMALLER HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By Wm. Smith, LL.D. 12mo., cloth. 357 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A FRENCH COUNTRY FAMILY. By Madame Guizot. 12mo. Cloth. 216 pp. Translated by Dinah Muloch Craik. New York: Harper & Brothers.

ONE OF THE FAMILY. A Novel. 112 pp. By the author of "Carlyon Year." New York: Harper & Brothers.

Putnam's Magazine for March. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.

Littell's Living Age. No. 1237. Boston: Littell & Gay.

Every Saturday. No. 111. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Harper's Bazar. A Ladies' Illustrated Weekly of Fashion. No. 17. New York: Harper & Brothers.

MUSICAL.

The Institute of Reward for Orphans of Patriots will celebrate the 136th Anniversary of Washington's Birthday by three grand concerts, at Cooper Institute, on the 22d inst., under the direction of Prof. L. A. Benjamin. In the exercises, which will consist of solos, duets, choruses, recitations, etc., one thousand children will participate, and addresses suitable to the occasion will be made by Hon. E. D. Culver, Rev. H. D. Northrop, S. S. Randall, and other gentlemen.

Special Notices.

PUBLISHING AND BOOK FURNISHING AGENCY.

THE undersigned respectfully announces that he has established a PUBLISHING AND BOOK FURNISHING AGENCY, and is prepared to execute all orders that may be intrusted to him, with care and promptness. Authors desiring a publisher or wishing their works superintended while in press, will do well to confer with him, as his experience in the business and established connections, afford peculiar facilities for the furtherance of their interests. Works of all established authors furnished at the shortest notice and at the lowest rates. Office 39 Nassau street, Room 43.

P. O. Box 1416, New York city.

WILLIAM P. TOMLINSON.

NOTICE TO CITY SUBSCRIBERS.

THE STANDARD will hereafter be delivered to our subscribers in this city by the carriers of the Post office Department. Should any irregularity occur in its delivery from imperfect addresses, or from any other cause, we hope to be promptly advised. To provide for the necessary prepayment of postage the subscription price will, from this date, be three dollars and fifty cents a year to subscribers within the city limits.

Miscellaneous Department.

HASTE NOT, REST NOT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

WITHOUT haste! without rest!
Bind the motto to thy breast;
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm and sunshine guide it well!
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,
Bear it onward to the tomb.

Haste not! let no thoughtless heed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed;
Ponder well and know the right,
Onward then with all thy might;
Haste not! years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done.

Rest not! life is sweeping by,
Go and dare before you die—
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind and conquer time!
Glorious 'tis to live for aye
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not! Rest not! calmly wait,
Meekly bear the storms of fate!
Duty be thy proper guide—
Do the right whate'er betide!
Haste not! rest not! conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

FALSIFICATION OF OUR FOOD.

From Cassell's Magazine.

IT is not a pleasant thing to think that there is scarcely a thing we eat or drink that is not adulterated. Every tradesman has his trick: thus, if the tea merchant falsifies his tea, the baker, in return, adulterates his bad flour with alum, and pays him with bad bread; and the publican defrauds both of them by mixing his spirits and making up his porter. Thus an enormous amount of roguery is expended in producing a dead level of fraud, by which no one is a gainer—indeed, by which we are all losers, for fraud in food means something more than substituting a cheap for a better material; it means the substitution of an unwholesome, often a poisonous food for that which we depend upon to sustain our strength. Let us take bread as an example, as this is the staff of life, and forms the main portion of the food for the working classes. All the bread in the poor quarters of the town is made, to begin with, from damaged flour; with which, when potatoes are cheap, they are mixed in large quantities. Now, as the potato is a far less nourishing aliment than flour, this mixture is a direct fraud upon the poor man. The bad color of the damaged flour, again, compels the baker to doctor his batch with alum, which, when constantly taken, is certainly not very wholesome. The amount of water in the potatoes, again, which the baker sells at two pence per pound, is a fraud upon the purchaser; and when we add that in scarcely any case is the quartern or half-quartern full weight, the amount of loss the laboring classes have to submit to is very serious, both in a monetary point of view and also in a dietetic one. Even the butter that is used with it is universally adulterated in the lower-class shops, and, indeed, often in the better-class ones, especially now that prices are so high. Lard, when it is cheap, is mixed with salted butter—previously well washed with milk and sweetened with a little sugar—colored with annatto, and, well beaten up, is very often sold as Epping butter in the better-class shops. What the very poor get when these tricks are played in high-class neighborhoods, it is hard to say. One thing is certain: nearly a quarter of the weight is made up of water. As long as a working-man buys his joint, or his chop or steak, he may feel sure that he is getting the genuine article; but directly he has anything to do with made-up meats, with alamode beef, with sausages, or polonies, he is open to the most disgusting frauds. The Smithfield Market Commission opened the eyes of the public to the frauds committed by the meat salesmen—aye, and, by some people higher placed—that were enough to make people shudder. Thus, for instance, one of the witnesses examined on this occasion, speaking of diseased meat, says, "It is purchased by soup-shops, sausage-makers, the alamode beef and meat-pie shops, etc. There is one soup-shop doing, I believe, five hundred pounds a week in diseased meat. The trade in diseased meat is very alarming, as anything in the shape of flesh can be sold at one penny per pound, or eight pence per stone. . . . I am certain that if one hundred carcasses of cows were lying dead in the neighborhood of London, I could get them all sold within twenty-four hours—it don't matter what they died of." I said just now that if the working man or his wife bought the meat in joints, he was pretty safe, but this, of course, depends upon his ability to distinguish meat when it is good. Diseased beasts are regularly killed in the country, and consigned to the London market. It is dressed up so cleverly, that the unwary are taken in by it. We are told that one of the insurance companies who insure stock was, not long since, a party to this nefarious means of getting rid of such fearful salvage. That diseased meat is still sold in large quantities, the seizures by the police are sufficient proof. And not only meat, but fish. Not many weeks since, two of the largest salesmen at Billingsgate were heavily fined for selling to costermongers fish that was unfit for human food. Whenever the costermonger's barrow is seen going about piled with fish, the poor man should beware, as he may suspect there is something the matter, or he would not turn fishmonger. I was lately at the opening of some samples of preserved beef, prepared in Australia by the simple process of exhausting the air; it was as good as the finest English beef. This food, when it comes in quantities, will be sold for sixpence a pound—a splendid contribution of our children at the antipodes to the pinched and poverty-stricken poor of the mother country. We are told, indeed, that markets will be opened in the poorer quarters of the town for this excellent food, and we have no doubt it will be appreciated.

Tea and coffee have long been the prey of the adulterator; but, luckily for the poor, it is principally the green teas and higher-class gunpowder teas that are made up. Some people imagine that the green color is given by drying the tea upon copper plates; this is a vulgar error. The Chinese themselves, knowing the demand there is in England for moderately-priced green tea, paint black teas to imitate it in a very ingenious manner. They make a mixture of Prussian blue and gypsum, in the proportion of three parts of the former to one of the latter. This coloring matter is thrown among the teas whilst they are roasting, the workman turning the leaves about until his hands are quite blue. Some people cannot understand how it is that "green tea" keeps them awake. Perhaps they will now see the reason. The Chinese never drink this colored tea themselves; they only prepare it to suit the tastes of the "outer barbarians," and surely they have some warrantee for so naming us. The gunpowder is manufactured both in England and China to mix with other teas. It often has but little tea in it, being compounded of sand, tea-dust, dirt, and broken down portions of leaves, worked together with gum into grains. When it is intended to mix it with "scented caper," this stuff is "faced" with black lead; when with gunpowder, tumeric, Prussian blue, and chalk are used. Black teas, as a rule, are genuine, especially the low-priced ones; but now and then re-dried leaves are re-made up, mixed with sloe-leaves. This business some years ago was carried on very largely. Some tea is quite as objectionable and injurious as adulterated spirits—a fact which has never been turned against the teetotallers. Assam tea is generally pure. Coffee is permitted to be adulterated by the government with chickory; but then the fact must be so stated upon the paper or canister. This mixing opens the door to shameful adulteration, as the chicory is much cheaper than the coffee, and the grocer but too often takes care to put more of the former into the mixture than the latter. But chicory is not the worst adulteration that coffee is liable to; mangold-wurzel, roasted wheat flour, red earth, roasted horse chestnuts, and we are even told that in some neighborhoods baked horse's and bullock's blood are used for this purpose. Our authority for this last statement is a work by Mr. P. G. Simmonds, entitled "Coffee as it is, and as it ought to be," in which he says, "In various parts of the metropolis, but more especially in the east, are to be found 'liver bakers.' These men take the livers of oxen and horses, bake them and grind them into a powder, which they sell to the low-priced coffee shopkeepers at from fourpence to sixpence per pound, horse's liver coffee being the highest priced. It may be known by allowing the coffee to stand until cold, when a thick pellicle of skin will be found on the top." He adds, "It goes farther than coffee, and is generally mixed with chicory and other vegetable imitations of coffee." The analytic commissioner of the Lancet, Dr. Hassall, actually has tested this horrible stuff, which we will believe without his assurance to possess "a very disagreeable animal smell." The puzzle is how people can be found to drink such horrible decoction even in the poorest coffee-houses. The milk is always adulterated largely with water, which, at sixpence a quart, is rather bad.

The bright green color to be observed in pickles bought at the shops is produced by boiling a slip of copper with them. Thus, copper is often present in poisonous quantities. Avoid, therefore, good reader, very dark green pickles with the greatest care. The presence of this adulteration may be very simply detected. A bright knitting-needle, allowed to stand in the jar for a few hours, comes out with a coating of the metal upon it, provided the adulteration exists. But copper is not only to be found in our pickles; it always exists in the green ornaments of sweetmeats, in preserved bottled fruit that should appear green; or where the preserve is red, logwood, or infusion of beet-root gives the deep rich color that the housewife envies so, and, luckily for herself and household, fails to produce in her home-made preserves. It is not pleasant to find that we may be partaking of the ascetate of copper in our pickles and tarts. We are told that much of the sweet preserves is sweetened with glucose, a substitute for sugar, but very much cheaper, and possessed of far less sweetening power. The adulteration with poisonous pigments of the sweets poor little children innocently suck is a most diabolical crime; but we are glad to see that the use of green color is much less frequently employed than it used to be, even in the third-rate sweetshops. Still, occasionally, highly-colored sugar ornaments are to be seen, the color being metallic instead of vegetable as it should be. Among these colors there are at least three highly poisonous—yellow, made of chromate of lead; green, arsenite of copper; and red, oxide of lead. The most delicate and delicious essence of jargonel, pear-drops and essence of pine-apple are made from a preparation of ether and rancid cheese and butter.

When we see how liable we are to be slowly poisoned in our food, it is not wonderful that people living in civilized countries should suffer in their health, and this warns us to look to the weapons with which we combat disease; but these, too, on trial, are found to be wanting. The nurse will be surprised when she is told that much of the arrow-root sold is made of nothing but potato flour and sago meal. Honey is adulterated with flour starch and sugar starch. Mercury is falsified with lead, tin and bismuth; opium with a dozen ingredients; gentian with poisonous aconite and belladonna; rhubarb with gamboge; and castor and cod liver oils with common oils that have no medicinal virtue. Condiments have long offered a fine field to the adulterator. Mustard, for instance, is never sold pure. Out of forty-two samples analyzed by Doctor Hassall, every one was adulterated with wheaten flour and colored up with turmeric. Sulphuric acid is very strong in the vinegar cruet, and in the pepper-castor we find, together with pure pepper, a large per centage of flour, ground rice, and—what does the reader think?—linseed meal: a poultice internally with every bit of beef we put in our mouths. Cayenne is universally falsified—deal sawdust and brick dust to give it bulk, and red lead to give it color. Curry-powder, also, receives this poisonous adulteration.

Our fluids are, if possible, even more abused than our solids. The great brewers, it is true, do not adulterate, but the moment their beers and stouts get into the cellars of the publican, the mischief begins. The brewer's druggist is a trade which has sprung out of these falsifications. As a rule, water is the great adulteration as regards quantity, but in order to give strength and "bite" to the liquid, salt and tobacco are often added, and in the case of porter, burnt sugar. It is doctored for flavor in a hundred ways; quassia is used to give it a bitter, capsicums and carraway seeds to give it warmth, oyster shells renew the youth in old beers, and alums to give a touch of age to new beer. To make a fine froth to stout that has grown flat, there is a liquid sold in the trade as beer-headings. This abominable brew is composed of common green vitriol, alum, salt, and salts of steel. Our advice to beer-drinkers is never to get their liquor from a public house. That which you get direct from the brewers (and small casks can be obtained from the largest houses) is always pure, and possesses several degrees more strength than you can ever hope to get from the Golden Lion round the corner. Spirits—especially gin—are well known to be flavored according to the taste of the neighborhood. The poorer the quarter of the town, the stronger and most biting must gin appear to be in the mouth. Water is, of course, largely added—in many cases to full fifty per cent. Never mind; with the addition of flavorings, such as oil of cinnamon, cayenne pepper, almond oil, sulphuric acid, etc., it is brought up to the due comforting point, and is competent to warm the cockles of the hearts of the wretched draggle-tailed women who imbibe it.

We might justly have mentioned among the articles that we rely upon to combat disease—wine, that powerful tonic, which is now surpassing all others in treatment of depressing complaints. This article of social life has been for centuries grossly adulterated, and that which is generally given at the public dispensaries is notoriously the most adulterated of all, because the cheapest. We may say absolutely that there is no such thing as pure port or sherry imported into this country. From five-and-twenty to thirty per cent. of spirit is always thrown in to give the "body" Englismen are asserted to require. This admixture kills anything like fine flavor, of course, and to bring it up to the deep color demanded (we are speaking of port), jerupega, a mixture of syrup sugar and elderberries, is added. We may add that the Portuguese will no more drink what we expressly order to be made up for us and call "port," than the Chinese will drink the colored green tea they manufacture to suit our market. The sherries are equally manufactured; they are no more like the natural wines of the country they come from than they are like blacking. Dispensary port and sherry is, however, a far inferior article to this. Those so-called wines are either cheap red and white wines flavored to imitate port and sherry, or they more often are the product of the north of Germany, where of course, vines do not flourish. But of what matter is that? Man can always be found equal to the occasion, as the following advertisement will show, which appeared in the Times on the 29th of last September, and which we have no doubt called forth the partner inquired for:

PARTNER WANTED.—A practical distiller, having been experimenting for the last seventeen years, can now produce a fair port and sherry by fermentation without a drop of the grape juice, and wishes a party, with from £2,000 to £3,000 capital, to establish a house in Hamburg for the manufacture of wines. Has already a good connection in business. Apply to——

With this pretty speciment of the unblushing manner in which fraud in food and drink is carried on in this country, I think I had better conclude.

THE CHEMISTRY OF FURNITURE.—Young housekeepers do not always understand the theory of the chemical and mechanical action of different substances on articles of furniture. The substances from which furniture is chiefly exposed to injury are water, oils, alcohols and acids.

Acids act on marble. Marble is itself composed of carbonate of lime; that is, it is a compound of carbonic acid and lime. Now, the carbonic acid has a comparatively weak affinity for lime, and most other acids will prevail over it and take its place when brought in contact with it, thus destroying the texture of the stone, liberating the carbonic acid, and leaving nitrate of lime, or muriate of lime, or sulphate, or acetate of lime, as the case may be, in the form of a white powder, in its place. But oils, alcohols and water produce no effect on marble.

All varnished or polished surfaces of wood, on the other hand, while not injured usually by acids, are attacked by alcohol. Varnishes are composed of different gums and resins, which are generally soluble in alcohol. Many of them are made by dissolving the material in alcohol so as to liquify them, and then, when they are applied, the alcohol evaporates, leaving the gum or resin in a thin, even coating over the whole surface. If now any alcoholic substance comes upon such a surface, whether it be alcohol itself, as used for lamps, or spirits of any kind, or even wine, which contains but a small percentage of alcohol, the varnish is attacked, a portion of it is dissolved, and the brilliancy of the surface is destroyed.

Oils will not attack either marbles or varnished surfaces, and will do no injury except to naked wood or other porus substances which admit them into the pores, from which they cannot afterwards be easily expelled.

Water affects no substances except such as have open pores exposed, in which case it enters and causes the substance to swell, or such as are soluble in water, as glue in joints, and mucilage or gum-arabic, used sometimes for attaching superficial ornaments to fancy work.

A HOME OF TASTE—Engravings shed their spirit over a household, the calm portraits of the great and worthy dead exercise a great influence over me. I could look on those over my own fireplace until they seem neither absent or departed, but living yet. Every good picture is the best of sermons and lectures. The sense informs the soul. Whatever you have, have beauty. Let beauty be on the paper on your walls. It is as easy to choose a paper suggestive of the lovely in form and color, as the uncouth. Why should not every household object be sanctified with this grateful charm? Each chair, each table, each tea or chamber-service, and every object for kitchen or parlor, for the home of the poor man, artisan or mechanic, I would have them all worthy of a home of taste.—*Sydney Smith.*

"OH, YET WE TRUST."

OH, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
So shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold! we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last far off—at last, to all—
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream; but what am I?
An infant crying in the night—
An infant crying for the light—
And with no language but a cry.

TENNYSON.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

THE man who thorougly understands the art of conversation, all that it means and demands, may be considered to have mastered one of the most important departments of the great art of living. As conversation is the most common and frequent form of intercourse between man and his fellows, to have grasped its significance and its principles is to have grasped a just theory of all the ordinary human relations. Superficial people, who are content to take words very much as they find them, think that conversation is the art of talking. There could not be a greater blunder. Its difficulty would be much more truly expressed by defining it as the art of being silent. Any blockhead is able to talk. To know when and how to be silent is the gift of the wise. The common phrase a good talker, is more usually than not applied to a man who is profoundly ignorant of what it is that conversation means, or else who knows what it means, but does not much approve of it. As a rule, the persons with the most universal reputation for good talk are the sworn foes of conversation. They have no more right to be set up as patterns of conversation than a popular preacher or a teetotal lecturer or a public reciter. Preaching or lecturing is, in its way, just as little conversation as the utterances of the professed talker. Among other evils, the talker is pretty sure to be aware of his reputation, and therefore to be constantly on the strain in order to maintain it. Effort may beget talk, but the charm of conversation is spontaniety and freedom from self-consciousness. It is here as it is with literary style. Style is the unaffected and unconscious outcome and expression of the author's habitual way of thinking and feeling about things. The moment he begins to study style for style's sake, he inevitably becomes stilted, rhetorical, and, to a wholesome taste, intensely disagreeable. The professed stylist is a creature as little to be endured in literature, as the clipping of box-wood into peacocks is to be endured in landscape gardening.

The only way to arrive at a lucid or sympathetic style is to acquire lucid habits of thought and to cultivate humane moods. If an author thinks little of his style, and much of his subject, and of what is due to his own mind and character, his style will take care of itself. It is the same with conversation. The same qualities which make a man a right-living person will of themselves make him good in conversing. To live well one must have a lively intellect and right feeling. To converse well you want no more. Special training for conversational purposes is a superfluity—nay, is worse than a superfluity, just as washes and cosmetics are worse than superfluous for the skin or the hair. It is provoking, perhaps, to suppose that there is any field in which advice is impotent, though some philosophers profess to find it surprising that in any field it should have any power. It is an unspeakable comfort to the mediocre mind to hold fast to a faith in the efficacy of precepts. If the world could only receive an impulse from the multitude of precepts and convictions which abound on every subject, from making the best of both worlds down to playing at croquet, we should all get on with exquisite ease and rapidity combined. There is no subject under the sun in which you are not sure to excel, provided excellence were the certain result of skilful codes of rules. The theory is that if we want to do anything we need no more than to buy and ponder the given handbook. Do you desire to swim, for example? Then buy the handbook of swimming. The water may be dispensed with until you have mastered the art. Is a man ambitious of shining in conversation? Let him meditate the precepts contained in the handbook for conversation. The truth is that a handbook for conversation, to be complete, must also be a perfect handbook of morals, manners, literature and most other subjects. As the whole of a man's thinking and feeling shines through his demeanor in society—through his conversation, that is—a complete manual of conversation would be indirectly a complete manual of conduct.

People write and talk as if conversation were apart from the man himself, like his garments; as if he could choose its cut and material quite irrespective of the rest of himself. They think that rules of talking will make a man successful in conversation, just as rules of etiquette will warn him not to eat peas with a knife and not to bite his bread. They forget that etiquette is an affair of convention. There is nothing in the nature of things which makes it any more proper to break bread than to bite it, or, if you are adroit enough not to cut yourself, there is no eternal principle infringed by using a knife instead of a fork. These are things which anybody may learn by rule. To say to a man, Do not bite your bread, is one thing. To say to him, Do not be dull, is another and very different thing. To comply with the first precept it is only necessary that he should be attentive for a month or two while he is eating his dinner. To comply with the second he must dig down to the very foundations of his nature, which is obviously a rather serious and lengthy process.—*Saturday Review.*

GARIBALDI AS A POET.—The Star has published a poem of Garibaldi's, "Garibaldi's Answer to Victor Hugo, transmitted and done into English by an Oxford Graduate." It shows decisively that Garibaldi has no common command of poetical rhetoric, some of which (as translated by the Oxford graduate at least) is exceedingly keen and brilliant. Take this, for instance, in apology for accepting Victor Emanuel after dethroning Bomba:

"To the Italy we loved this strain
Of old agony borne all again,
We drove the Bourbon out and took that other,—
Dethroned a corpse, and set up its sick brother!"

The poem is long, full of not so much the enthusiasm as the fanaticism of humanity, and entirely in Garibaldi's finest Shelleyan strain. There is one of his noble magnanimous touches in it,—we mean the italicized words on Louis Napoleon—

"Warned off from Mexico—foiled at Berlin—
He slew my lads—my Roman boys! to 'win
Prestige.' He won it. Ah! good Friend! thy verse
Thunders the judgment of a rightous curse
On those soiled laurel leaves. But let him be,
He does the things he must! Wait thou and see!
A little while his shameless scheme prevails,
A little while, and God's long-suffering fails.
And when he ends, *and we may pity him,*
The dawn will break on Europe dead and dim;
The dawn of brotherhood, and love and peace,
The light of a new time, when there shall cease
This clang of armies over Christian lands;
And Nations, tearing off their Lazarus-bands,
Shall rise,—see face to face,—and sadly say,
'*Why* were we foes? why did we serve—and slay?'"

Can anything resemble more closely in tone the spirit of Shelley's Hellas ending with,—

"Oh cease! must hate and death return?
Cease! must men kill and die?
Cease! drain not to the dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy.
The world is weary of the past,
Oh might it die or rest at last!"

—*London Spectator.*

EARTHQUAKES.—At present, science stands dumb before the earthquake, while the sceptic, credulous only to the wildest superstitions, claims it as an aberration, as a destructive, disobedient force, and a revolt against the central law. A wider and more reverent knowledge may discover earthquakes, like lightning, comets, and aerolites, to be subject to some law of a different sphere, to which ours, when it crosses us, must yield obedience for higher, and, at present, unknown ends.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York *Gazette* writes as follows:

I desire to show your readers how it is that Martin Farquhar Tupper, constructs his "Proverbial Philosophy," in "chunks of wisdom," and I desire to give you a few specimens, "made right out of my own head."

The *modus operandi* is thus: Take the simplest and most common maxim and spread it out by the use of the longest and most high-sounding words you can find, always bearing in mind that profundity of language is "compounded of many simples," and to "cover a large piece of bread with a small piece of butter" is the true Tupperian practice.

Partake of a few samples, with the originals prefixed:

"Accidents will happen in the best of families."

Disasters will eventuate even in households of the supremest integrity.

"A nod is as good as a wink to a horse that is not blind."

An abrupt inclination of the head is equivalent to a contraction of the eye to a steed untroubled with obliquity of vision.

"He looks two ways for Sunday."

By reason of the adverse disposition of his optics—a natural defect—he is forced to scrutinize in duple directions for the Christian Sabbath.

"Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

The culniary adornments which suffice for the female of the race *anser*, may be relished also with the masculine adult of the same species.

"Go to the Devil and shake yourself."

Proceed to the arch enemy of man and agitate your person.

"None so deaf as those that won't hear."

No persons are obtruse in their auricular apprehension equal to those who repudiate vocal incomes by adverse inclination.

"Put a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the Devil."

Establish a mendicant on the uppermost section of a charger, and he will transport himself to Apollyon.

"The least said the soonest mended."

The minimum of an offensive remark is cobbled with the greatest promptitude.

"A stitch in time saves nine."

The first impression of a needle upon an abrasion obviateth a nine-fold introduction.

"'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good."

That gale is truly diseased which puffeth benefaction to nonentity.

"Who sees a pin, and lets it lay, may want a pin another day."

Whoso surveys with unconcern the most common, lost or discarded utensil, in diverse diurnal use, and secure it not, may chance to yearn after it at a subsequent period.

"Don't count your chickens before they are hatched."

Enumerate not your adolescent pullets, ere they cease to be oviform.

"'Tis a wise child that knows his own father."

That juvenile individual is indeed sage who possesses authentic information with respect to the identity of his paternal derivation.

"There is no accounting for tastes."

The propensities of the palate defy jurisdiction.

"Three moves are as bad as a fire."

The triple transmission of a household, with chattels, from one domicil to another, is as vicious as a conflagration.

There! I want to know whether these specimens are not just about as sensible and felicitous as any of Mr. Tupper's examples of "Proverbial Philosophy?"

SONNET TO VITTORIA COLONNA.

BY MICHAEL ANGELO.

YES! hope may with my strong desire keep pace,
And I be undeluded, unbetrayed:
For if of our affections none find grace
In sight of heaven, then wherefore hath God made
The world which we inhabit? Better plea
Love cannot have, than that in loving thee
Glory to that eternal peace is paid,
Who such divinity to thee imparts
As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.
This hope is treacherous only whose love dies
With beauty, which is varying every hour:
But in chaste hearts, uninfluenced by the power
Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower,
That breathes on earth the air of Paradise.

—*Wordsworth's Translation.*

PAT AND THE DEACON.—Some months ago, as Deacon Ingalls, of Swampscot, R. I., was travelling through the western part of the State of New York, he fell in with an Irishman who had lately arrived in this country, and was in search of a brother who had come before him and settled in some of the diggings in that part of the country.

Pat was a strong man, a true Roman Catholic, and had never seen the interior of a Protestant church. Ingalls was a pious man. He told Pat he was going to church, and invited his new-made friend to keep him company thither, his destination being a small meeting-house near by. There was a great revival there at the time, and one of the deacons, who was a very small man in stature, invited brother Ingalls to a seat in his pew. He accepted the invitation, followed by Pat, who looked in vain for the altar, etc. After he was seated, he turned around to Brother Ingalls, and, in a whisper that could be heard all around, he inquired:

"Sure, an' isn't this a heretic church?"

"Hush!" said Ingalls. "If you speak a word they will put you out."

"Divil a word will I speak at all at all," replied Pat.

The meeting was opened by prayer by the pastor.

Pat was eyeing him very closely, when an old gentleman, who was standing in the pew directly in front of Pat, shouted "Amen!"

"Hist, ye devil!" rejoined Pat, in his loud whisper, which was heard by the minister; "be dacent, and don't make a blockhead of yourself!"

The parson grew more fervent in his devotions. Presently the deacon uttered an audible groan—"Amen!"

"Hist, ye blackguard! Have ye no dacency at all?" said Pat, at the same time giving him a punch in the ribs, which caused him to lose his equilibrium.

The minister stopped, and extending his hands in a suppliant manner, said:

"Brethren, we cannot be disturbed in this way. Will some one put that man out?"

"Yes, your riverence," shouted Pat, "I will do it."

And suiting the action to the word, he collared the deacon, and to the utter horror of the pastor, Brother Ingalls, and the whole congregation, he dragged him up the aisle, and, with a tremendous kick, sent him into the vestibule of the church.

THE AMERICA OF TO-DAY.—No good citizen but shares the wonderful prosperity of the Federal Union. The heart still beats with the public pulse of joy, that the country has withstood the rude trial which threatened its existence, and thrills it with the vast augmentation of strength which it draws from this proof. The storm which has been resisted is a crown of honor and a pledge of strength to the ship. We may be well contented with our fair inheritance. Was ever such coincidence of advantages in time and place as in America to-day?—the fusion of races and religions; the hungry cry which goes up from the wide continent for men; the answering facility of immigration, permitting every wanderer to choose his climate and government. Men come hither by nations. Science surpasses the old miracles of mythology, to fly with them over the sea, and to send their messages over it. They come from crowded, antiquated kingdoms to the easy sharing of our simple forms. Land without price is offered to the settler, cheap education to his children. The temper of our people delights in the whirl of life. Who would live in the stone age, or the bronze, or the iron, or the lacustrine? Who does not prefer the age of steel, of gold, of coal, petroleum, cotton, steam, electricity, and the spectroscope?

"Prisca juvent alios, ego me nunc denique natum Gratulor,"

All this activity has added to the value of life, and to the scope of intellect. I will not say that American institutions have given a new enlargement to our idea of a finished man, but they have added important features to the sketch.—*R. W. Emerson, in the Atlantic Monthly for January.*

THE LITTLE BOY FROM MALAGA.—On board the salt vessels and colliers there are many things happening, many pictures which in future years, when I am again busy at the loom of fiction, I could weave in; but my fancy is rendered so torpid by my ungenial way of life that I cannot sketch off the scenes and portraits that interest me, and I am forced to trust them to my memory, with the hope of recalling them at some more favorable period. For these three or four days I have been observing a little Mediterranean boy, from Malaga, not more than ten or eleven years old, but who is already a citizen of the world, and seems to be just as gay and contented on the deck of a Yankee coal vessel as he could be while playing beside his mother's door. It is really touching to see how free and happy he is—how the little fellow takes the whole wide world for his home, and all mankind for his family. He talks Spanish, at least, that is his native tongue; but he is very intelligible in English, and perhaps he has likewise smatterings of the speech of other countries, whither the winds may have wafted this little sea-bird. He is a Catholic, and, yesterday being Friday, he caught some fish and fried them for his dinner, in sweet oil; and really they looked so delicate, that I almost wished he would invite me to partake. Every once in a while he undresses himself and leaps overboard, plunging down beneath the waves, as if the sea were as native to him as the earth. Then he runs up the rigging of the vessel, as if he meant to fly away through the air. I must remember this little boy, and perhaps I may make something more beautiful of him than these rough and imperfect touches would promise.—*Hawthorne, in Atlantic Monthly for January.*

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